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TRAVELLING IN SIBERIA: MAIL-SLEDGE ON THE ROAD FROM YENISEISK TO KRASNOIARSK.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A great deal of rather ponderous writing has lately been vouchsafed to us upon the subject of style. It is, no doubt, important to say things well, but not so much so as the having something to say. This fact is sometimes forgotten by the most classical writers. The same discussion has taken place in all ages of literature. It broke out in Walpole's time, who was a little impatient of it. "When I am consulted about style," he writes, "I say go to the chandler's shop for a style. . . . Writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves in this way. Hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance . . . as in old prints with curious flowered borders, uncommon interest is exerted, only to ruin the effect." Notwithstanding all his affectation, there is a very healthy breeze of common-sense blowing over much of Walpole's writing. On one subject, also very much dwelt upon at present—the supposed inferiority of living authors to those who have preceded them—he reminds one of honest Walter Scott, and his confession that he wrote at a lucky time, when there were no rival story-tellers. "Fame," he says, "depends much on the period when it arises. In dark periods when talents appear they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. Open the shutters, and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice." This may sound inferior to that very tall talk, the "higher criticism," but it is common-sense.

A new fraud is always welcome; to the general public as illustrative of the ingenuity of the human mind, and to novelists as the groundwork for plots. One has just been alleged which, in the language of the prosecuting counsel, has no parallel in criminal jurisprudence, but is really (like Mr. Potts's article upon Chinese metaphysics) a clever combination of two old frauds. A childless wife advertises that she wishes to adopt an infant; and it may be said successfully, for she receives "more than a hundred" offers. Her means, however, are not in proportion to the largeness of her heart, and she is therefore compelled to ask for a premium, and also for money to purchase juvenile raiment. She gets for this purpose only sums varying from three to fifteen pounds. This does not seem much for the maintenance of a child till it attains years of discretion, but the scheme is not quite so philanthropic as it looks. This motherly lady instantly advertises that she has a child to dispose of, and gets rid of her newly acquired treasure at once, either by sale or gift. In one instance, where five pounds was paid and a complete outfit provided, the child was found a day or two afterwards, in the custody of another woman, "ravenously hungry, filthily dirty, and suffering from bronchitis," with only the clothes it stood up in, or rather lay down in, for the poor little thing was but a few months old. It is quite possible that the young couple (aged only twenty-eight and twenty-four) charged with this detestable conduct may have been falsely accused. The wife's defence is that when she adopted a child her husband did not like it, and therefore she passed it on to somebody else. But even this seems somewhat precipitate. Whether they be innocent or guilty, however, and apart from such abstract considerations as morality and humanity, the plan is as simple as it is ingenious, and displays great knowledge of the human heart, and especially of the absence of it. It is affirmed that though the accused lived twelve months in the same place they were never observed to have a child with them, which either proves their innocence, or an amazing aptitude for the quick dispatch of business.

There is an old epigram the subject of which is a father's advice to his son—

"At your time of life
You ought to be tired of playing the rake;
'Tis time to be thinking of taking a wife."
"Well, so it is, father; whose wife shall I take?"

This is at least as applicable to Society nowadays as when it was written, and it is no wonder that the fact of a gentleman having recently "abducted" his own wife should have caused a great sensation. At the first blush—though there is nothing to blush about—it seems to be what the theologians term "a work of supererogation." That, however, is the abducting gentleman's business: to the world at large it is only an example of the proverb that second thoughts are best, which, however, hardly ever takes this peculiar form. It is, indeed, quite curious how very seldom, when man and wife have parted company "for good"—though not necessarily for a good reason—there is any desire on either side to come together again. During the last twelve months there were, if I remember right, only two couples who, having been divorced, were once more united to one another in the bonds of matrimony. Without being cynical, one would not expect a large average of such cases; but this is such a very small one. One would have thought that, among so many examples of what is euphoniously termed incompatibility of temper, a few couples, at least, would have come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding Edwin's faults or Angelina's shortcomings, they might do worse—or, perhaps, even had done worse—than give themselves another chance together. The task of reconciliation would be delicate as well as difficult, no doubt; each would be averse to make the first advance, lest their overtures should be rejected; even if all went well, a certain amount of ridicule from their friends would have to be encountered. Still, one wonders it does not happen a little oftener. In the instance in question repentance or regret must have been very acute, since they produced an abduction; but, on the other hand, to necessitate so strong a measure, they must have been only on one side.

Two young gentlemen have been acquitted of conspiring to get money out of a newspaper. They were not, as some may imagine, joint authors of a serial novel—that is, not conspiring, but collaborating, which, though always fraudulent as regards the lazier of the two writers, is not, in the eye of the law, an offence. It is very difficult (except for the proprietors) to get

money out of newspapers, and the attempt in question would have been a most ingenious one, had it been made as alleged. As matters have turned out, the affair tends only to edification, and suggests a new method of improving one's income by writing obituaries of oneself. The plan is to describe one's own suicide in an attractive—that is, an appalling—style for publication, and then to bring an action for libel against the paper that publishes it. This, however, may be varied. Eliminating the melodramatic element of self-destruction, one might be simply depreciative and malicious, like a critic in a review, in speaking of one's departed self. This could be done with impunity if you were really dead; but, being very much alive and wide awake, you will obtain very consolatory damages. Most people are too egotistic to write anything against themselves "for any money," but I can fancy a popular novelist, long used to unfavourable criticism, being not disinclined to turn a dishonest penny by this new departure in fiction. To Lord Brougham, of course, belongs the credit of originating this admirable idea; but, notwithstanding that he belonged to the legal profession, the notion of bringing an action for damages on account of an unfavourable notice of his own demise does not seem to have struck him.

That the late blizzard should have caught some of our railway trains is no great compliment to its rapidity, but it even caught the "Flying Dutchman" and snowed him up. The passengers give a terrible description of their experiences, but not the least like what we had been led to imagine from the accounts of such things in fiction. There is a general agreement, for instance, among the writers of Christmas numbers that persons in this unpleasant situation at once begin to tell stories to one another. In ordinary life it is not everyone who possesses this faculty. I remember in our room at school there was but one unfortunate wretch who was thus gifted, and many a slipper rained about his head when he was compelled to scratch it for an incident; but in snowed-up trains (in the magazines) all the passengers suddenly develop this attribute. The old maid tells us of her offers, the surgeon, of his early struggles, the commercial traveller of his adventures, and even the country gentleman of his standing for the county, all in excellent style (only very much alike), and become *raconteurs* of the first water. But in the "Flying Dutchman" there appear to have been no geniuses of this sort. The passengers seem to have done nothing but stare at one another and swear at the blizzard. However, the experience was not altogether without its moral. One poor fellow writes: "I was in a first-class carriage with three other men, and yet—would you believe it?—not one of us had had the forethought to bring a pack of cards with him. ["No cards."] It will be a lesson to me for life."

We all know the amatory dangers that lurk in such simple viands as "chops and tomato sauce." It now appears that they are not absent even from biscuits. A pork-pie one can conceive to be perilous: it may have "kissing crust." But there is a dryness and, so to speak, a formality about biscuits that would seem to deprive them of any tender significance. Yet this is not so. A biscuit was put in evidence in a breach of promise of marriage case the other day. The gentle plaintiff, in a plaintive voice, produced certain miscellaneous gifts that the defendant had tendered: "Here are flowers—pansies—and a biscuit that he gave me." Of course, there were other proofs of the wretch's perfidy; but the biscuit had its weight with the jury. It was probably a "sweet biscuit." Had it been an Abernethy the damages might have been mitigated.

The "Corps of Gentlemen" who have not passed the Army examination but still desire to serve their Queen and country are deserving of every encouragement, but they should get less martial people to compose their letters to the papers for them. One of these aspirants, impatient of the delay in forming the corps, has in the meanwhile taken the Queen's shilling. He writes: "As I have now been some months in the service, and have received a public school and University education, I ought to know what it is to associate with some of the lowest class of men." This gentleman may become "Captain Sword," but he is certainly a long way from being "Captain Pen."

Even upon the ground that half a loaf is better than no bread, one would have supposed that the passing of the Copyright Bill in America, though it be not an "ideal" Bill, would have been received by the English public with some congratulation. It is certainly, so far as it goes, a tribute to Right, an instalment of Justice; yet, when it has been spoken of at all—and it has very generally been ignored—it has been with grudging words, and what has been selected for observation has been its shortcomings. The causes of this are twofold: in the first place, the class chiefly benefited—the writers of fiction—have no political or social importance. If journalists were concerned in the matter, or industries out of which fortunes could be made, there would be paeans of triumph; but novelists, away from their novels, are nobodies. And secondly, for reasons that need not be particularised, the bookmakers of all sorts, whose works are not of an imaginative kind, or which have never been subject to piracy, are exceedingly angry at the good fortune that has befallen their brethren of the pen. There is a sneer on their lip instead of a smile. The American papers speak of our ingratitude in this matter; but the accusation is unjust. Those who derive advantage are very grateful to those through whose exertions it has been conferred. Indifference and jealousy account for what seems amiss, and they unfortunately belong to human nature.

Whether amateur newspaper correspondents of the male or feminine gender are the more able, it would be invidious to discuss, but it must be admitted that the ladies in this department at least are more humorous than the gentlemen. They pitch into one another, too, with a vigour that is wanting in male antagonists. One of them, in writing against female

suffrage, recommends her sisterhood to be content "to do our politics with the charm that is woman's truest weapon." To this an adversary of the same sex replies that a woman's power to influence politicians, it is true, is very great, and affects them from eighteen to eighty, but, unfortunately, only lasts thirteen years at farthest. Her "charm" at seventeen is quite magical, but, unhappily, neither then, nor so long as she is influential at all, does she know anything about politics, and cares less. By the time her mind becomes mature, her attraction for that frivolous race called men has expired. There is some truth in this sarcasm. Yet surely the women who have had most influence upon political life have owed it less to their youth and beauty than to their intelligence; and there is a one-sided compliment to the sex which declares that, though a lady may cease to be worth looking at after a certain age, it is then that she becomes most worth talking to—about politics.

HOME NEWS.

The Drawing-Room on March 13 was one of the smallest that has ever been held at the English Court. The Queen was present in the Throne Room for only twenty-five minutes, after which her place was taken by the Princess of Wales; and the function was over at four o'clock, having lasted less than three quarters of an hour.

It was, says *Truth*, a very pretty Drawing-Room, the great feature being the superb bouquets, some of which were two feet in diameter. The roses were magnificent. The Queen's dress was remarkable for her superb Maltese black lace. The Princess of Wales wore a most becoming dress of dark-blue velvet, which was lined with turquoise-blue satin, and trimmed heavily with sable. Her jewels were diamonds and sapphires. The Duchess of Teck looked very stately in cream and gold, with train of Rose du Barri velvet, which was deeply trimmed with ermine. There was a perfect blaze of diamonds, the display being certainly finer than at the first Drawing-Room. The most admired dresses were those of Lady Iveagh, Lady Yarborough, the Duchess of Roxburghe and her sister, Lady de Ramsey, and Lady St. Germans.

The Garrick Theatre Company, having received her Majesty's commands to play at Windsor Castle on March 17, performed "A Pair of Spectacles" and "A Quiet Rubber" before the Queen and Court and a number of ladies and gentlemen who had been invited to join the royal circle. The performance, as in the case of "The Gondoliers," took place in the Waterloo Chamber. Supper was afterwards served to over a hundred of her Majesty's guests in the dining-rooms. The members of the Garrick Company were entertained in the Audience Chamber, and returned afterwards to London.

At the anniversary of the death of the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, on March 16, the Queen and the Empress Frederick, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Prussia, went in the morning to her Royal Highness's mausoleum at Frogmore, which was afterwards, by her Majesty's command, opened between the hours of one and half past four o'clock for the members of the household and others to visit it.

The King of the Belgians is in London, and is staying at the Burlington Hotel. His Majesty visited the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House on March 16, and remained to luncheon. The same afternoon the King received Lord Salisbury, who remained with him for more than an hour.

The Empress Frederick is prolonging her stay in England over the Easter holidays, and, after a short stay in Buckingham Palace, is going to Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. She was present at the private view of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and has bought one or two small pictures to add to her excellent collection.

The ceremony of enthroning the Most Rev. Dr. William Connor Magee, until recently Bishop of Peterborough as Lord Archbishop of York, was performed in York Minster on March 17, in the presence of a concourse of spectators numbering several thousands. Prior to the ceremony his Grace performed his first ecclesiastical act of spiritual head of the Church in the province by administering the holy communion to a large number of communicants at half past ten. His Grace was accompanied by the Bishops of Derry, Newcastle, and Wakefield, the first-named being the preacher. The enthronement took place at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, by which time every seat in the nave and choir was occupied. The clergy of the diocese and province present numbered quite 500. The Dean of York formally installed him in the chair, and subsequently the ceremony of enthronement was performed by the Dean and Chapter. The service, which was fully choral, was brought to a close by the pronouncing of the blessing by the Archbishop. His Grace afterwards received an address of welcome from the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and councillors of York on behalf of that municipality. The Duke of Clarence was present at the ceremony of enthronement.

Lord Salisbury will spend the Easter recess at Beaulieu, his new Continental château near San Remo. He is expected to be away over a fortnight. The Prime Minister drove to Buckingham Palace on March 14, and had an audience with the Queen, which lasted over an hour.

Mr. Gladstone's energy continues unabated. Under the presidency of the head master, Dr. Warre, he delivered a lecture in the boys' library at Eton College on Saturday, March 14, on the Homeric goddess Artemis. The right hon. gentleman, who is himself an old Eton boy, was cordially welcomed. On March 17 he visited Hastings, and addressed a great meeting in the Gaiety Theatre. On his departure from Charing Cross there was a scene of considerable enthusiasm, the crowd breaking through the barrier and pressing against the train.

The Jackson abduction case has recently gone through some curious legal phases. The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application for a writ of habeas corpus requiring the husband to produce his wife, and Mr. Justice Cave enforced the decision by some strong remarks in support of the husband's position. The Court of Appeal, however, took a directly opposite view, and on the argument of Mr. Finlay, that a husband has no right to imprison a wife, and that his powers were limited to proceeding against her, ordered that the writ of habeas corpus should go. Mrs. Jackson will, therefore, be released for the time, and the question of the legality of Mr. Jackson's action will have to be fought out in the Courts.

We regret to announce the death, on Feb. 8, 1891, at Yokohama, of Charles Wirgman, in his fifty-ninth year. He was the special artist to the *Illustrated London News* during the China War, and editor of the *Japan Punch*. He was one of the oldest residents in Japan.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM.

Though the discomfort in London during the blizzard was great enough, people have scarcely realised the extraordinary violence of the storm in the South and West of England. The train service between the Metropolis and the west was suspended for nearly a week. At Plymouth, no such fall of snow had been known for half a century. Trains were literally lost in the drifts for thirty-six hours. There has been a good deal of grumbling at the snow-ploughs; but, whatever the demerits of these machines, they were probably never designed to cope with such an unprecedented emergency. The spectacle of half a dozen powerful engines quite helpless in the dense masses of snow might well have paralysed the most experienced railway officials. Sir Edward Watkin himself might have sat down in despair and allowed the elements to cover him with a mantle of oblivion. The force of the storm can more easily be credited from the details supplied by passengers who were imprisoned and submerged for two nights. All attempts to keep out the snow were unavailing. Though windows and ventilators were tightly closed, the enemy penetrated into the compartments and filled them up to the hat-racks. How the unfortunate sufferers in one particular train in the west escaped from being frozen to death is a marvel. It was a branch line, and the train lay within two hundred yards of a farmhouse without attracting observation. But for the accident that the farmer was in search of some sheep, and was struck by the peculiar conformation of the snow-drift on the railway track, these people might have remained as completely lost as though they were in the midst of an African desert. The lack of food was as serious as the cold. In one instance, two travellers had nothing to eat from Monday evening till Wednesday morning but a small piece of bread and a piece of cake. In another case, a commercial agent with some food samples was able to save his companions from total exhaustion. Relief parties were repeatedly buried in the snow, and dug out with the utmost difficulty. No such privations have ever been experienced in railway travel in this country within living memory. We are accustomed to read of these adventures as belonging to the vicissitudes of journeys in the Western States of America, but no one could have believed it possible that in the middle of March in England people could be snowed up in trains, and in desperate peril of their lives. There has been a serious loss of life, chiefly in the fury of the gale on the southern and western coasts, but it is most providential that the death-roll has not been largely increased by the visitation of snow by land. There has been enough suffering and anxiety, however, to make the great snow-storm of 1891 a painful memory to many.

THE WRECK OF THE PANAMA.

Among the worst disasters on the western coast was the wreck of the Bay of Panama, a large four-masted ship built of steel, belonging to Dundee, on her voyage home from Calcutta with a cargo of jute. She was driven on the rocks at Penare Point, near the entrance to the river of Helstone, beyond Falmouth. Many persons were drowned, including the captain—David Wright, of Liverpool—and his wife; the chief officer, Mr. Bulloch; the second officer, Mr. Allnutt; the boatswain, the sailmaker, the carpenter, and the steward, besides six seamen and four apprentices. About twenty men were saved by the rocket apparatus from shore, but six men died clinging to the rigging.

A STORMY CHANNEL PASSAGE.

The passage across the Channel from Dover to Calais was attended with great difficulties and considerable danger. The steam-boat Victoria, commanded by Captain Shirley, had only twenty passengers, as most of those who had come from London, among whom was the Duchess of Edinburgh, prepared to stay the night at the Lord Warden Hotel. Those on board had a terrible night, the boat seeming long unable to make way amid the furious hurricane, while the sea repeatedly struck her with tremendous force, and the snow made it impossible to see where she was. About two o'clock in the morning, being then probably off Cape Grisnez, the captain brought her to anchor, and lay there till four o'clock, when he could draw nearer to Calais; but the storm continued several hours longer, and it was not till nine o'clock that the steamer got into the harbour. Several vessels were wrecked at Dungeness.

A SIAMESE ROYAL FAMILY FESTIVAL.

The city of Bangkok, the capital of Siam, has witnessed a splendid royal and national festival, continued seven days, at the coming of age of the Crown Prince, his Royal Highness Sombetch Phra Papama Oratsadiraj Chowfa Mahavajirunho, son of the King. Siamese boys have their heads completely shaven, except a small knob of hair on the top, and this is cut off, with much ceremony, on their fourteenth birthday, when they "put away childish things." The occasion brought to Bangkok all the Rajahs, nobles, chiefs, and governors of the Empire, from Kedah, in the Malay peninsula, to Luang Prabang, in the far north-east, near the Chinese frontier. On Thursday, Jan. 22, the ceremonial act was performed at the royal palace.

It was a scene of gorgeous magnificence in the palace courtyard, where so great a company of persons of rank, sumptuously attired, were assembled in the pavilions erected for them, in front of a stately temple—its walls glistening white, its windows shining gilt, its roofs, tier above tier, of bright green and yellow tiles, with a lofty minaret and golden pinnacles. In the centre of the courtyard was an artificial mound, representing Mount Meru, sacred in Hindoo mythology as the abode of the god Siva. It was partly covered with a material looking like silver, and was decorated with shrubs and flowers, and with puppets or figures afterwards set moving to amuse the spectators. At its base was a fern-shaded grotto, in which holy water, brought in bottles from four sacred fountains in India, was to spout from the mouths of seven carved monsters on the head of the youthful Prince.

Trumpets sounded, and the King, attended by some courtiers and nobles, descended the palace steps. A large umbrella, richly embroidered, was held over him. Seated then in a palanquin, he was borne round, while the band played the Siamese national anthem, to a pagoda-like building, which his Majesty entered, and soon reappeared in full royal robes, stiff with gold and precious stones, with the tall, pointed Crown of State. The King is a handsome man of pleasant and dignified aspect. Shortly afterwards the young Crown Prince was brought out in a palanquin, surrounded by courtiers, who carried huge fans sparkling with jewels. His Royal Highness was attired in glittering robes of silver embroidery, with diamonds, and wore a small conical cap, just covering the top-knot. The King received his son placed by his side, while all the princes, nobles, and officers of State passed before them, bowing thrice, and doing homage to the heir-apparent. On each side were ranged others of the royal children, among

them a pretty little girl with long hair and fringe, who was almost weighed down with the gold and jewellery of her dress.

A procession was formed, in which all the resources of pomp and pageantry were lavishly displayed. Preceded by a band of lictors in green and scarlet, came representatives of every nation and tribe in the Siamese empire: Laos, Malays, Karens, Tongus, Pegnans, and Mons, in their distinctive dresses and ornaments. There was a troop of hundreds of girls, marching in fours, beginning with the tallest and ending with the smallest infants, wearing a brilliant uniform; and a troop of boys, all in Scottish Highland costume, marching to the strains of lively Scottish tune. Amazons, or female guards of the palace, in soldiers' uniform, were part of the procession. The superb dresses of the nobility, gold-embroidered and studded with jewels, suggested immense riches. Under bright sunshine, the varied harmonious grouping of colours in this grand moving spectacle was most effective, realising the highest idea of Oriental splendour.

The hair-cutting ceremony was performed, within the pavilion, by the King, with scissors of precious metal, severing the four locks that grew in the top-knot on his son's head. The young Prince came forth, clad in white, with a small black helmet; he was borne in State to the mound representing Mount Meru, and bathed in the sacred grotto; after which, in another pagoda, he was presented with the ancient crown and sword of the Kings of Siam. Processions and entertainments were kept up seven days, to the delight of the population of Bangkok and vast numbers of people from the country. Mr. J. C. Black, of the British Consulate, has favoured us with some photographs and a description of the scene.

THE LATE GENERAL R. BARTER.

Lieutenant-General Richard Barter, C.B., who has died in his sixty-third year, served in the war of the Indian Mutiny, at the outbreak of which, in May 1857, his regiment, the 75th, was stationed at Kusowlie. He was severely wounded at Budke-Serai, and was engaged throughout the siege, storm, and capture of Delhi, including six days' fighting in the streets, where he led the remnant of his regiment for nearly twenty-four hours, all the officers senior to him having been either killed or disabled. He was also with Sir Edward Greathed's pursuing column at the battle of Agra, with Sir Hope Grant's column in the advance into Oude, under Sir James Outram at Alumbagh, and at the final capture of Lucknow by Lord Clyde.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
RICHARD BARTER.

THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL
W. L. AUCHINLECK.

This officer, commanding the Sirhind division of the Bengal Army, who died at Umballah on Feb. 13, had performed good services. He entered the Army as an Ensign in the 53rd (Shropshire) Regiment, served with it, in the Oude Field Force, in 1858 and 1859, and was present at the action of Toolsepoore, and other engagements. He afterwards held Staff appointments in Canada, but in 1878 exchanged into the 63rd (1st Battalion Manchester Regiment), which he commanded in Southern Afghanistan through the war of 1879 and 1880, and also in the Egyptian War of 1882, obtaining the medal and the Khedive's star. In 1885 he was appointed Colonel of the 35th Regimental District at Chichester, but in 1888 was selected for the command of the Presidency District Brigade in Bengal, and went out again to India. He was mentioned in despatches, and received the acknowledgments of the Government of India for his careful supervision of the arrangements for the organisation and equipment of the Chittagong Column of the Chin-Lushai Expeditionary Force. Brigadier-General Auchinleck was transferred to the command of the Sirhind District in November last. He was engaged as Chief Empire at the late manoeuvres at Attock, when, the weather being unusually severe, he contracted the illness which has caused his death. His brother, Major D. Auchinleck, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, was killed in Burmah four years ago.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL
AUCHINLECK.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: The late Sir Joseph Bazalgette, Sir William Pink, The late Prince Napoleon, The Prince and Princess of Wales at the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, Charles Keene's Drawings, Charles Lamb, Bombay Waterworks, Restoration of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, The Universities' Boat-Race, Pictures at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Siberia in Winter.

The portrait of the late Sir Joseph Bazalgette is from a photograph by Mr. A. J. Melhuish, Pall Mall.

The British steamer Utopia, with 700 Italians on board, bound for New York, came into collision with H.M.S. Rodney off Gibraltar, on March 17, and sank immediately. It is estimated that 200 lives were lost, although all the vessels of the British squadron anchored in the bay made every effort to save life, and it is estimated that over 180 of the shipwrecked people were taken on board the different men-of-war.

Gustav Freytag, the German author, who is now seventy-five, was married, on March 10, to the wife of the reciter Herr Strakosch, a Viennese by birth. Madame Strakosch is separated from her husband, and the author's wife is an inmate of an asylum. The marriage was a private affair, and took place at Siebleben, near Gotha, where the bridegroom has an estate.

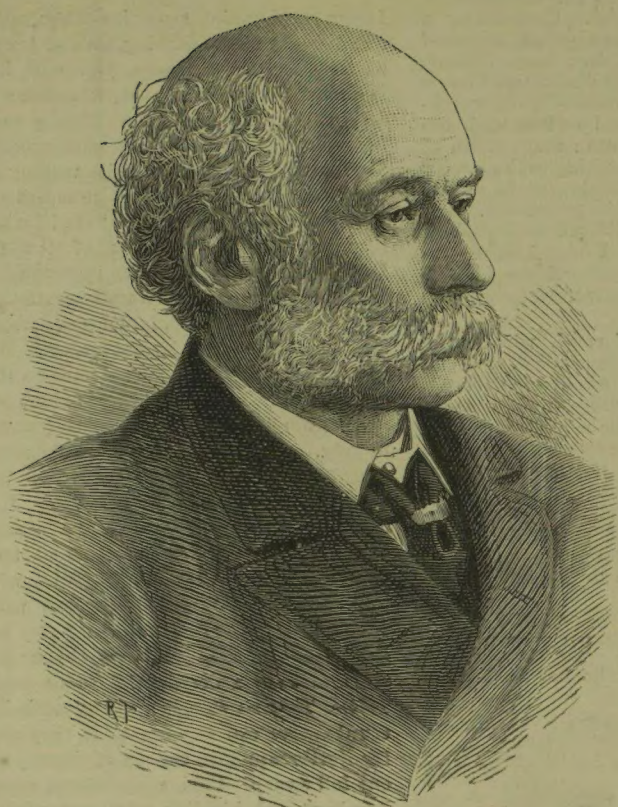
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

If you can imagine some leviathan, with a huge tail which it can scarcely move, pausing, out of breath, to reflect seriously on its own unwieldiness, you will have some idea of the House of Commons gravely discussing suggestions for expediting the public business. This is one of Mr. Labouchere's favourite topics. He gazes with mock severity at Mr. W. H. Smith, and asserts, in his rasping way, that the right honourable gentleman has muddled everything, as usual. Whereupon some Tory says "Oh!" while benevolent patience illumines the countenance of the much-enduring First Lord. Mr. Smith is like the persecuted manager of a gigantic shop, in which the entire staff devote themselves to the sale of one pocket-handkerchief, and leave about five minutes for the consideration of the largest orders. Here is an ideal Session, so far as serenity goes. There are no storms. The Opposition are subdued. Ministers have as much of their own way as it is possible to expect, and yet they cannot get their votes in Supply. "For goodness' sake, take every Tuesday and Friday morning for the Estimates from the beginning of the Session!" says Mr. Labouchere. It seems a reasonable and even a generous offer, from a man who is not usually disposed to give the Government an inch, much less an ell. But Mr. Chamberlain bristles with suspicion. "That is all very fine," says he; "but what is to prevent you from proposing to reduce the Army by thirty thousand men one afternoon when Ministers chance to be in a minority, and you can snap a division?" This contingency petrifies the Tories. They sit staring with as much horror as the legislative countenance can express, as if they already saw the member for Northampton in the act of destroying the British Army at one fell swoop. Cold sweat starts upon the pale brow of Mr. Stanhope, and his lips move convulsively. I know he has a horrible vision of those thirty thousand men vanishing at the sound of the division bell, and, as he slowly recovers, I hear him murmuring in Mr. Goschen's ear, "I really thought for a moment that I should have to send for a glass of water and the Union Jack."

So you see from what tremendous dangers Mr. Chamberlain occasionally delivers his country. But he has his own little plan. Why not borrow a hint from the procedure of the American House of Representatives? I remember the time when such a suggestion would have provoked shouts of indignation from the benches opposite. What! Americanise our institutions! Degrade the House of Commons by adopting the machinery of an assembly of Republican demagogues! In those good old days Sir Robert Fowler would probably have demanded Mr. Chamberlain's head to deck a Mansion House banquet. But now Sir Robert listens with genial interest while Mr. Chamberlain explains that in Congress a committee on rules regulate the time to be devoted to the discussion of each measure. As he expounds this fascinating method of abbreviating talk, Mr. Chamberlain is a picture of persuasive grace. He leans elegantly on the table, toys with his eye-glass, while those features, which always suggest to me a medal struck in commemoration of the superlative merits of Birmingham hardware, become pensive and almost poetic. The Treasury Bench is deeply impressed. Mr. Smith smiles broadly at the thought of a committee that would save him from the interminable speeches of Dr. Clark and the forays of Sir George Campbell. What an Elysium it would be in which Ministers could pass votes in Supply without the spectacle of Sir George surveying mankind from China to Peru! But suddenly the beautiful dream is dispelled. Mr. Bryce perceives that the insinuating Chamberlain is trying to stifle the liberties of Parliament. How can the author of a monumental work on the American Commonwealth sit silent while it is proposed to adopt a procedure which would lay the House of Commons prostrate at the feet of tyrants? There is nothing of the Brutus in the aspect of Mr. Bryce. He does not look the man who would bury a paper-knife in the bosom of Mr. Smith, and cry, "Sic semper tyrannis!" Though half buried in a beard in ten volumes, there are amiable glimpses of him visible to an observant eye, and it is not in a voice of thunder that he exposes Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. But it is now the turn of the Radicals to gaze with stony horror, as they perceive a phantom image of the tyrannical Smith gagging the people's tribunes. Thus perish the suggestions for spurring Supply.

But though these things are evanescent, there is always the substantial reality of Mr. Storey. I have studied Mr. Storey in many aspects, but I prefer him when he is engaged in a personal explanation. He is very impressive, it is true, when he offers to all and sundry measures that uncompromising objection which is native to his character, and which makes his rare absence from the House a theme of refreshment even to some of his brother Radicals, who have not his rugged nature. But it is in a personal explanation that his qualities chiefly shine. He undertook to describe to the House how he had bearded a tribunal composed of his political opponents. They sat on the magisterial bench, and dismissed some charge of assault which he had brought against some policeman. Did they cow his noble spirit? Did they think that in their petty, miserable court they were safe from the vengeance of Sunderland? Why, he held them up to odium in the Legislature of his country; he denounced them severally and particularly with close and accurate descriptions of their personal delinquencies. Or, rather, he would have done, if the Speaker had not failed to see that all this was a matter of the highest imperial importance. To my deep disappointment, Mr. Storey was checked in the full tide of his eloquent wrath. I have not been consoled by Mr. Brodie-Hoare's thrilling description of the banker-vampire who "sits on his strong room stuffed with gold." Nor was I cheered by the speeches against Sir Edward Watkin's railway Bill which is to ruin the chaste simplicity of St. John's Wood. The only comfort I have comes from the Lords. A rumour ran through the Commons that Lord Brabourne had reversed a famous piece of political piety. Who was the genius that first said, "Thank Heaven for the House of Lords!" It has been the burden of many fervent appeals to the electors. I never could understand why an assembly which has no Mace could make such a demand on religious emotion. But at last a peer has redressed the balance of theology. "Thank Heaven we have a House of Commons!" said Lord Brabourne. I hope this sentiment will be echoed in all the pulpits.



THE LATE SIR JOSEPH BAZALGETTE.



SIR WILLIAM PINK, MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTH.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH BAZALGETTE, C.E.

Londoners who can remember the state of London and of the Thames about thirty-five years ago, before those vast undertakings of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the system of main drainage and the magnificent Thames Embankment, which have contributed so much to sanitary improvement and to the convenience and stateliness of this immense city, will regret the death of the able official chief engineer, Sir Joseph Bazalgette, who has survived the important public body that he served during its existence from 1856 to 1888. Sir Joseph Bazalgette, who died on March 15, was seventy-two years of age. The son of a captain in the Royal Navy, he became a civil engineer, and obtained much business in schemes of railway construction before his appointment as chief engineer to the old Metropolitan Commission of Sewers. He was elected chief engineer to the Metropolitan Board of Works on its establishment in 1856, and was at once instructed to devise a scheme for the drainage of London. This was executed, from his own

estimates and designs, between the years 1858 and 1865. The Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea Embankments were designed and executed by him; also the new granite bridge over the Thames at Putney, the steel suspension bridge at Hammer-smith, and the iron bridge at Battersea. His connection with the Metropolitan Board of Works continued till that body was superseded by the London County Council. He was created a Companion of the Bath in 1871, and was knighted in 1874.

The King of Greece is expected in Paris shortly, and his visit will probably be one of several weeks. After visiting Paris, King George will go to Copenhagen. His eldest son will, for the first time, act as Regent in his absence.

The complete results of the London County Council's exhaustive examination of the wealth of the Metropolis tend to show that at twenty years' purchase London is at this moment worth £850,000,000 sterling.

SIR WILLIAM PINK.

When her Majesty the Queen, on Feb. 26, visited Portsmouth to perform the ceremony of launching the Royal Arthur and the Royal Sovereign, two new ships built at the Dockyard for the British Navy, the Mayor of Portsmouth, Mr. William Pink, was presented to the Queen, after luncheon at Admiralty House, by Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty. Her Majesty, in commemoration of this visit to Portsmouth, has been pleased to confer upon the Mayor of that town the honour of knighthood. We now present the portrait of Sir William Pink, from a photograph by Mr. Symons, of Portsmouth.

A beautiful specimen of the lesser kestrel (*Falco cenchris*), a bird hitherto unknown in Ireland, was shot at Shankill, in the county of Dublin, by a Mr. Carr. This little hawk is a native of the south and east of Europe, and has twice been seen in England.



THE GREAT GALE AND SNOW-STORM: WRECK OF THE BAY OF PANAMA, NEAR FALMOUTH, MARCH 10.



THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN" EXPRESS TRAIN OFF THE RAILS AT CAMBORNE, IN CORNWALL.



THE VICTORIA, CHANNEL STEAM-BOAT, BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS.

THE GREAT GALE AND SNOW-STORM.

PERSONAL.

Théodore de Banville had a place apart in modern literary Paris, and was considered to be in some senses the survival of the fittest of the now rococo Romancists. It was work like his—exquisite in polish, simple in form, and perfect in expression—that helped to keep up the high standard of verse among latter-day French poets. Aptly was he styled the modern Anacreon, for few seemed so to feel the joy of living life. De Banville had no weary waiting on fame, for when at two-and-twenty he published "Les Cariatides," De Musset and Théophile Gautier hailed him as a second André Chénier, and he became the petted singer of the then rising Romancists. Some fifteen years later "Les Odes Funambulesques" brought a wider popularity than he craved, and lost him the cordial friendship of Victor Hugo, who had an almost fanatical horror of being parodied, even in Ariel-like fashion. "Bitten, as every French littérateur and poet seems always to become, with the dramatic craze, De Banville wrote many comedies, both alone and in collaboration with one or other of his friends. "Gringoire," one of the slightest one-act plays ever produced at the Comédie Française, helped to raise the elder Coquelin into his great place, and has long been familiar to English playgoers through a variety of adaptations.

Personally, De Banville was known in the small circle honoured with his intimate friendship as a kindly, polished *gentilhomme*, whose manners to ladies, of both certain and uncertain age, recalled the old régime. His quaint rooms, in the Rue de l'Épéron, were, summer and winter, filled with fragrant flowers, which formed a startling contrast with the unreal, grotesquely strange drawings by Rochegrosse which lined his study walls. When "Le Baiser" was going to be played, first at the Théâtre Libre and later at the Théâtre Français, every detail of the author's own little garden was reproduced, as being the most fitting setting to an exquisite idyl.

It suffices to quote the "Envoy" in the "Ballade of the Voyage to Cythera, after Théodore de Banville," written by Mr. Andrew Lang, to give some idea of the lilt and grace of his verse—

Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs, as heretofore.
Ah, singing birds, your happy music pour;
Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile;
Filt to these ancient gods we still adore;
"It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

The many admirers and friends of Alice Havers (Mrs. Fred. Morgan), whose sudden death last autumn created so sad a blank in the artistic world, will take a certain melancholy satisfaction in the knowledge that even her slightest efforts are highly esteemed by those whose taste is as refined as it is catholic. After the performance of "The Gondoliers" at Windsor Castle, the other day, her Majesty the Queen and the Empress Frederick sent for Sir Arthur Sullivan expressly to inquire the name of the artist who had illustrated the programme, so struck were they with the grace and beauty of the design. No one would have been more delighted with this tribute than the deceased painter, for she retained a youthful, almost a childlike, simplicity and gaiety of heart up to the very last, and was as humble and distrustful of her powers—maybe even more so—than the veriest novice. Her appearance, too, was very much in sympathy with her character: fair and *spirituelle*, with hair the colour of ripe corn, and wonderful violet eyes, it would have been difficult to decide as to which were the more charming—herself or her pictures.

The private view at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours was neither particularly brilliant nor very enlivening. A good many people were present, but, taken as a whole, the entertainment seemed to hang fire a little. Perhaps private views are beginning to pall—there have been so many of late. However, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mr. Coghlan, and Mr. Hermann Vezin appeared for a little while, early in the afternoon; Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arthur Jones came and went in the crowd, but not for very long. Little groups collected and dispersed and gathered again before the picture purchased by the Empress Frederick during her quiet *sub rosa* visit to the exhibition on Press day. To be sure, Press days are now the only really private views, and may become proportionately popular, which will be awkward for the poor critics.

Much interest has been awakened by the magnificent Diaz collection now at the Goupil Gallery. The pictures are so varied in subject and treatment that it is hard to realise that they are all from the same hand. The private view was well attended. Among those present were the Hon. W. Lowther, M.P., Mr. George Moore, Mr. McColl (the editor of the *Athenæum*), and Mr. Lecky (the historian). Several celebrated collectors came in during the day, notably Mr. Barratt, who is not only an influential member of the firm of Pears but a well-known art-patron. One of the finest flower-pieces in this exhibition is lent by him. Mr. Barratt is a keen and discriminating picture-buyer, and his ever-increasing collection is a veritable Eldorado to lovers of art. He is also a lover of the country, spending much of his time at his beautiful place near Henley (Lord Conroy's family seat), which he has leased from its owner.

Mr. Gladstone's pleasant account of his life at Eton very fairly squares with the known facts of his career at school. He was not known as a brilliant scholar, and he did not obtain a single prize. His chief distinction was, curiously enough, in Latin and Greek verse, of which he confesses that he committed the common schoolboy sin of filling up his lines with anything that came to hand, and scanned, or seemed to scan. Mr. Gladstone was frequently "sent up for good" on account of his verse. His chief activity, however, was in connection with the *Eton Miscellany*, which he virtually edited and kept going with contributions both in verse and in prose—clever, ambitious, imitative, stilted work, full of juvenile conceit and optimism. One of his articles—a paper on "Eloquence"—had a curious prophetic touch: "A successful début, an offer from the Minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which the young visionary loves to look." The young visionary looked along all this "vista," and attained every "object" in it.

By the way, it is a pity that Mr. Gladstone did not treat his hearers to a reading from Homer as well as to a lecture upon him. Mr. Gladstone is an admirable reader, and he is one of the very few men who publicly quotes Latin and Greek with dignity, with emphasis, and with the sonorous note that both languages require. For instance, if he had only read the first hundred lines or so from the first book in the *Iliad*, including one of the greatest lines in all literature—the line which reproduces the twanging sound of the released bow—

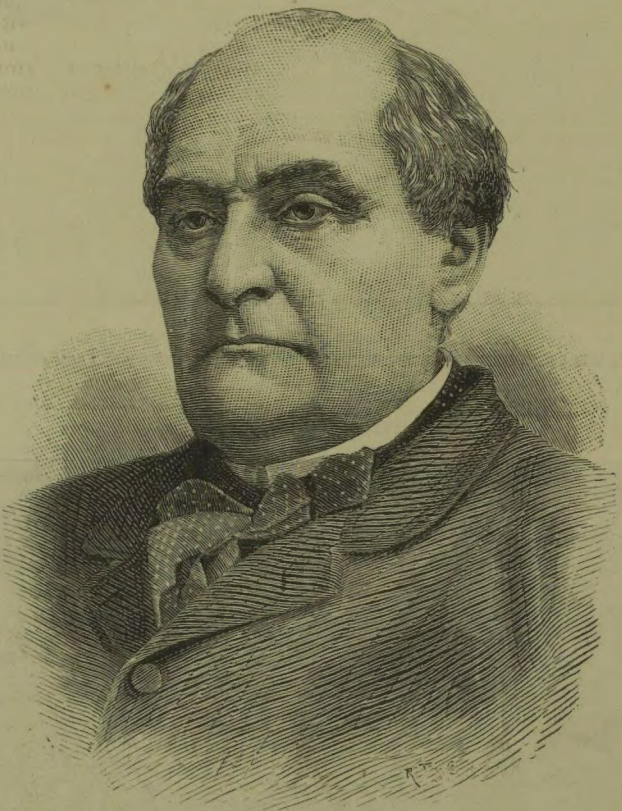
δενὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυροῖο βίου.

To have heard this declaimed in the voice which has not yet lost its liquid note would have been a sensation worth living for.

Mr. R. W. Hanbury, who has fluttered the robes of the Parliamentary Bar by his refusal, as Chairman of a Committee, to allow counsel to cross-examine unless they have been present at the examination-in-chief, is a Parliamentary figure of growing note. He has sat in Parliament off and on for some years, but made no special mark in it until the present House of Commons was well on in its career. Mr. Hanbury is a Conservative of the new type, an independent follower of Lord Randolph Churchill, so far as any such following can be said to exist, and a very powerful and impressive critic and speaker. He has broken away from his party on more than one occasion, and has carried his constituency with him; but he is too cautious and long-headed a politician to start an actual cave. His specialty is army management; he gets up his cases with minute care, and is an extremely able Committee man. He has an excellent presence (he is perhaps the tallest man in the House), good if reserved manners, and it is correct to say that there is no man of equal mark and general Parliamentary capacity among the younger men on the Liberal side.

The death of Sir Joseph Bazalgette abolishes one of the last links which bind us to the older system of government of London. Sir Joseph was the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works. His two great titles to fame are that he beautified London and drained it. His principal work in the first direction was the Thames Embankment, with its solid masonry and spacious boulevards, replacing the sloughs of despond round which the Thames used to roll its muddy tides. His scheme of drainage was threefold, consisting of a high-level sewer running along the south of the Highgate and Hampstead range of hills, a middle-level drain burrowing under Oxford Street, and a low-level, beginning at Chiswick and running along the Embankment through the City. His work was always thorough, with the beauty of strength and solidity, though much of it was extremely costly. If the Metropolitan Board had lasted a little longer, he would have been the architect of the Blackwall Tunnel.

The late Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte, who died at Rome on March 17, had such abilities as might, without an imperial connection, as a simple citizen, have



THE LATE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

won political influence. His birth, in 1822, seven years after the final overthrow of the First Empire, placed him in a false position; and under the Second Empire, from 1852 to 1870, he was compelled to exchange the career of a Republican politician for a jealously guarded dependence on his cousin, Napoleon III. Born at Trieste, his father being the exiled Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, sometime "King of Westphalia," and his mother Princess Frederica of Wurtemberg, he passed his youth chiefly in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, not visiting Paris till he was twenty-three years of age. He early imbibed Republican opinions, associated with the Italian and French Revolutionists, and was in consequence expelled from Paris by the Government of King Louis Philippe. After the French Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the National Assembly as a representative of Corsica, and proved himself a very able speaker and debater, strenuously advocating the cause of Democracy and the rights of nationalities. He was appointed French Minister at Madrid, but some disobedience to the Foreign Office soon occasioned his recall. When Louis Napoleon was President of the Republic, the opposition of Prince Napoleon to the Roman intervention, and to other reactionary measures, caused them to quarrel; and it is certain that Prince Napoleon was no party to the *coup d'état* of December 1851, or to the treason and usurpation of that period. But, after his cousin became Emperor, he did not scruple to accept the favours lavished on the members of the Imperial House. Prince Napoleon was a Senator, a member of the Council of State, and a General in the Army, head of the Colonial Department for a short time, and President of the Exhibition of 1855. In the Crimean War he commanded a division of infantry, and in the Italian War of 1859 was in command of a reserve army stationed in Tuscany, but was not engaged in any great battle. He advocated the abolition of the Pope's temporal power, and supported the cause of Italian unity and independence, having married, in 1859, Princess Clotilde, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel. His opposition, in later years, to the foreign and domestic policy of the Emperor, and to the political influence of the Empress Eugénie, was unheeded. He travelled in the United States in 1861, took much interest in the Suez Canal, and in all the International Exhibitions. After the downfall of the Empire in 1870, he denounced every idea of a Bonapartist Restoration, but his eldest son, Prince Napoleon Victor, has been nominated by that party a candidate for the imperial throne, against his father's will. There is a younger son, Prince Louis, and one daughter.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The publication of the Blue Book containing the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine respecting the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries has made a good impression in America. It is felt that a further step has been made towards a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty, and gratification is expressed at the prospect of an ultimate adjustment by arbitration. Should this means of arriving at a settlement be finally agreed upon, the King of the Belgians will probably be asked to act as arbitrator, although it is quite possible that the matter may be referred to the President of the Swiss Republic.

Arbitration is just now a favourite mode of adjusting international difficulties, for it is to be resorted to also in the case of the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute between Great Britain and France. It is true that in this case arbitration only applies to one side of the question, to the great disappointment of the people of Newfoundland, who expected (rather unreasonably, be it said) an immediate settlement of the whole; but, what else could be done? If the French are to be bought out, the first step is to ascertain what their rights exactly are, and even from the Newfoundlanders' point of view, assuming it to be the right one, arbitration is certainly the best way to set about it. It is somewhat surprising to hear that the Newfoundland Government has not been consulted in the matter, and this may turn out to be a mistake. The arrangement arrived at by the two Governments stipulates that the Arbitration Commission shall judge and decide all questions of principle submitted to it by either Government in regard to the lobster-fishing, and its preparation upon that part of the Newfoundland coast extending from Cape St. John to Cape Ray; that the two Governments undertake to carry out the decision of the Arbitration Committee, and that there will be no appeal from its decisions. The Arbitration Commission is to be composed of three specialists or juriconsults and of two delegates from each country. The three arbitrators chosen by the Governments of France and England are M. Martens, Professor of International Law at the St. Petersburg University; M. Rivier, Swiss Consul-General at Brussels and President of the Institute of International Law; and M. Gram, formerly a judge of the Norwegian Supreme Court.

That the occupation of Egypt by English troops is still a sore point with the French is evidenced by the disgrace into which has fallen Count d'Aubigny, the French Consul-General in Cairo, who has been recalled by M. Ribot, and will be succeeded by the Marquis de Reverseaux. It is said that M. d'Aubigny's fall is due to the unguarded language he used in an interview with a Parisian journalist. That may be so, in some measure, although it is difficult to believe that, under any circumstances, he would have been sent back to Cairo after he failed to prevent the appointment of Mr. Justice Scott as legal adviser to the Khedive. In justice to Count d'Aubigny, it should be said that it is difficult to see how he could have prevented the appointment in question.

Yet another arbitration! How proud the members of arbitration and peace societies must feel! It has been agreed between the German and English Governments that the dispute between Herr Hoenigsberg and the Royal Niger Company shall be submitted to the arbitration of a Belgian judge.

It requires close attention and a very good memory to follow the changes in the heads of the various German Departments of State. This time, the resignation of Herr von Gossler, Minister of Public Worship, has to be recorded, together with the appointment of Count Zedlitz-Trütschler as his successor. Count Zedlitz, who is fifty-four years old, began life as a soldier, but on attaining the rank of major left the army to enter the civil service, and was at one time Governor of Posen. He sat for some time in the Reichstag, where he made his mark as a speaker and a clever Parliamentary tactician. Be this as it may, it is to be noted that the old counsellors of the German Emperor, whose reputations were well-nigh universal, are gradually disappearing and making way for younger and comparatively untried and unknown men.

The death of Dr. Windthorst removes from the political world of Germany one of the ablest men of the present time, and the most skilful and most successful adversary of Prince Bismarck. As leader of the Clerical party Dr. Windthorst succeeded in getting repealed the most obnoxious laws directed against the Roman Catholic Church, and his loss will be deeply felt by the German Catholic party. There are signs that his disappearance may break up the unity of the party, and that by quarrelling among themselves German Catholics may be weakened and almost cease to exist as a party, unless some new chief endowed with great firmness, tact, and political sagacity takes up the leadership before it is too late.

A deputation from Alsace-Lorraine was received by the German Emperor on March 14. To their request for the abolition or modification of the passport regulations the Emperor answered with a resolute "No, not yet," adding that the sooner the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine are convinced of the indissolubility of the ties uniting them to Germany the sooner will their wish be realised.

The Austrian elections are all but complete. No party will have an absolute majority in the Reichsrath, and it is believed that Count Taaffe will try to form a coalition between the German Liberals, who are the strongest party, and the Poles. Negotiations with the leaders of these parties are being carried on, but it is impossible at present to say whether they will be successful, and what the grouping of the numerous parties in the Reichsrath will be when that assembly meets on April 11.

For sensational events there is no part of Europe to be compared with the Balkan Peninsula, and particularly with Serbia. The latest Serbian sensation is a correspondence between ex-King Milan and M. Garaschanine, in which the Minister and his former Sovereign accuse each other of murder. Here are the facts. In 1882 two women were arrested for an attempt on the life of King Milan. One of the women was found dead in her cell before the trial; the other was tried, sentenced to death, and subsequently reprieved. A few days later she also was found dead in prison. An inquest was held, and in both cases a verdict of suicide was returned. About three weeks ago King Milan, in a letter which has been made public, accused M. Garaschanine of having caused the two wretched women to be killed; thereupon M. Garaschanine replied that he was away in France at the time, and that, if two murders have been committed, the responsibility must rest with a higher personage than a Cabinet Minister. As the law in Serbia does not allow of M. Garaschanine being prosecuted, it is difficult to see how any light can be thrown on this scandal, which has made an extraordinary sensation in Serbia.

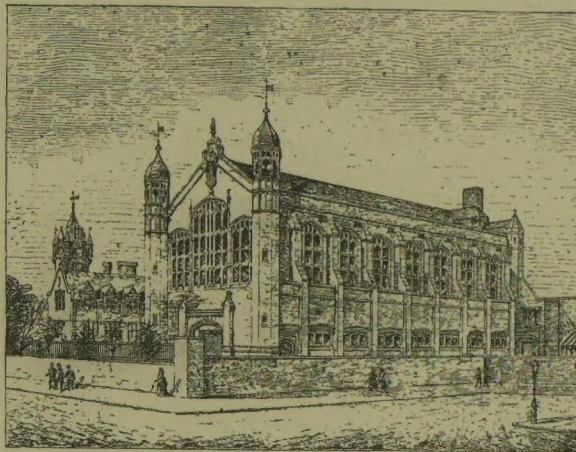
LYNCHING AT NEW ORLEANS.

Frontier lynching is a far from unknown factor in American society—in those communities, at least, where legal means for punishing crime are of the most primitive character—but nothing analogous to the recent lynching of eleven Italians at New Orleans has ever occurred in the United States. For several years New Orleans has been the scene of conditions which recall at every point the life of Italy in the Middle Ages. The Mafia, we are told, is a society of murderers and paid ruffians who would commit murder for sums as low as \$5. When the Mafia said a man must die, his death was sure and quick. A murderer might escape the penalty of the law, but never the vengeance of the Mafia. In June last the members of one of these bands shot down six of the members of another in the street. At last Mr. Hennessy, the late chief of police, went to work vigorously in the determination of stamping out this disorganisation. Six men were arrested, tried, and almost convicted, when the principal witness was assassinated. A new trial was ordered, and while collecting evidence for this Mr. Hennessy and his men were repeatedly warned by the Mafia that they would be killed if they did not cease their efforts. Mr. Hennessy was shot as he was entering his house at midnight on Oct. 15, by a gang of Italian murderers, who riddled his body with slugs and bullets. Many arrests were made, but when the trial came on it was rumoured that the jury had been bribed by the Mafia, and finally no convictions were obtained. The whole city was infuriated, and the Press aggravated the popular passion. On Saturday, March 14, a call, signed by nearly a hundred of the most eminent citizens, appeared in all the papers, summoning all good citizens to assemble at a mass meeting in the city square, at ten o'clock, to take steps to remedy the failure of justice. The call closed with the words, "Come prepared for action." Several thousand people assembled, and headed by some of the best-known men in the city, prosperous lawyers and wealthy merchants, moved towards the prison, which they broke open with battering-rams, shot nine of the Italian prisoners, and hanged two. The whole affair occupied scarcely an hour, and when all was over one of the lawyers again addressed the mob, saying that justice had been done, and asking the people to disperse quietly to their houses, which they did. The Marquis di Rudini, the Italian Premier, has remonstrated with the Government at Washington, and it is feared that international complications may ensue.

Professor Herkomer's charming pictorial music-play, entitled "An Idyl," has just been published by Messrs. Novello and Co., in a form that cannot fail to enhance the pleasant recollections of those who saw the performance at Bushey last June twelvemonth. To such, indeed, this beautiful volume will be in every sense a precious possession. It gives them not only Mr. Bennett's graceful lyrics and Mr. Herkomer's cleverly original music, but a series of sixteen illustrative plates, exquisitely etched by the painter-composer himself, and printed at Bushey under his personal supervision. Herein are represented the principal personages and scenes, drawn, it need hardly be said, with amazing power and accuracy, and executed with a perfection and finish of detail that could not be surpassed. The present issue of this veritable *édition de luxe* is limited to between six and seven hundred copies, the more expensive of which are furnished with an additional set of proof etchings. The work is dedicated to Dr. Hans Richter.

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on Thursday, March 12, visited the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, near Clapham Junction, to open the new hall, built to commemorate the centenary of the foundation of that institution in 1788. Other additions have been made to the buildings, which form a new wing, containing class-rooms, dormitories, and a governess's sitting-room, a lecture-room, and six class-rooms, besides the new Alexandra Hall. This, which is the main feature of the new buildings, is 104 ft. long and 40 ft. wide, and rises to a height of 50 ft. It is lighted by three windows at the end and seven on each side; there is a gallery and ambulatory round the hall. The roof, which takes the form



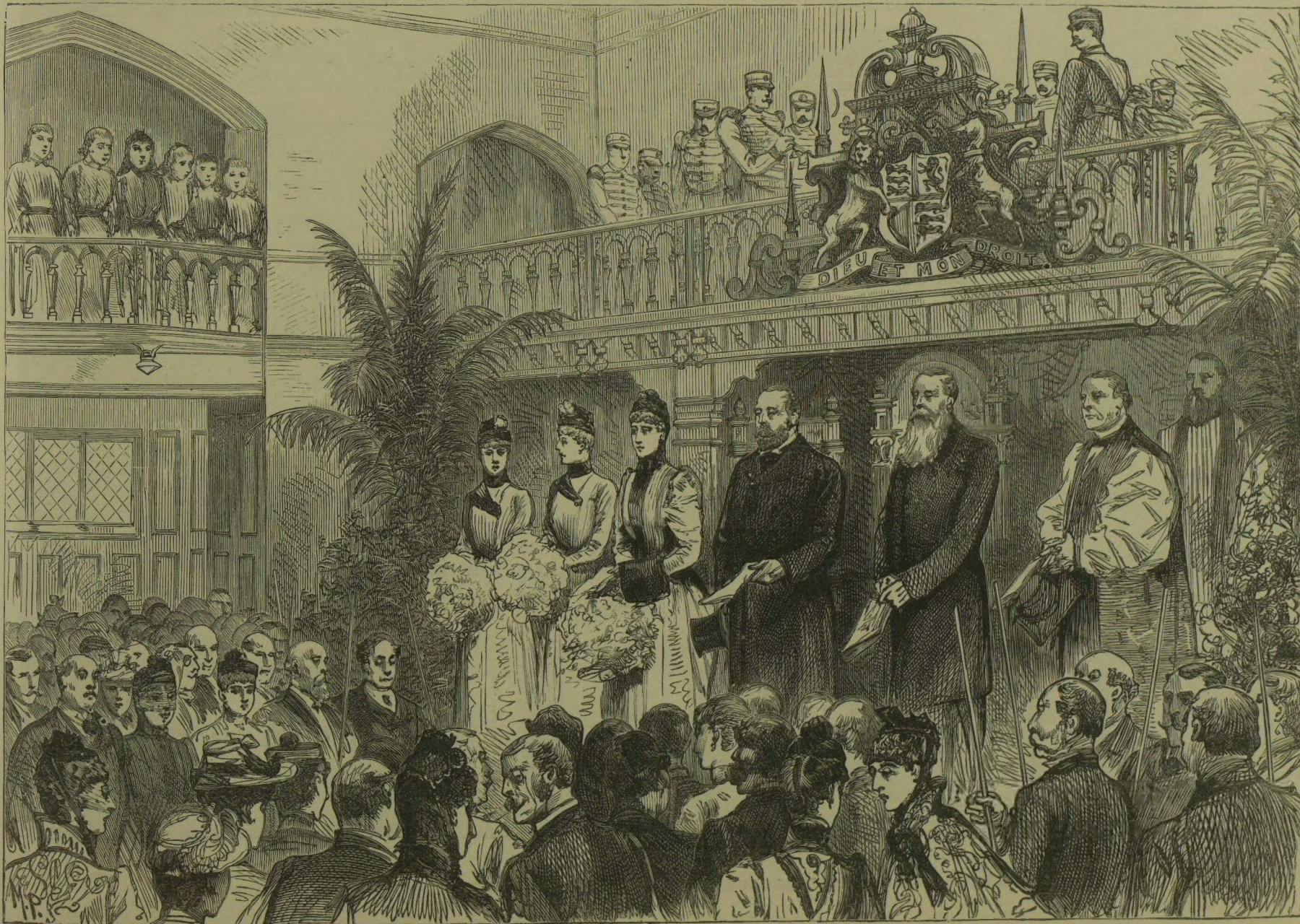
CENTENARY HALL, MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS.

of two coves and an elliptical centre, is of iron, cased with an enriched fibrous plaster ceiling, with wooden ribs. The floor is of oak. The walls of the hall, to a height of twelve feet, together with the alcoves, are lined with teak panelling, and the projecting balconettes of the openings in the gallery have a pleasing effect. The Minstrels' Gallery at one end of the hall contains a finely carved royal coat-of-arms, with shields around the hall, illuminated in colour. The front contains a fine statue of Chevalier Ruspini, executed by Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins. Mr. F. G. Knight has been the superintending architect for the hall. The whole of the builder's work has been carried out by Mr. Nightingale, of the Albert Embankment.

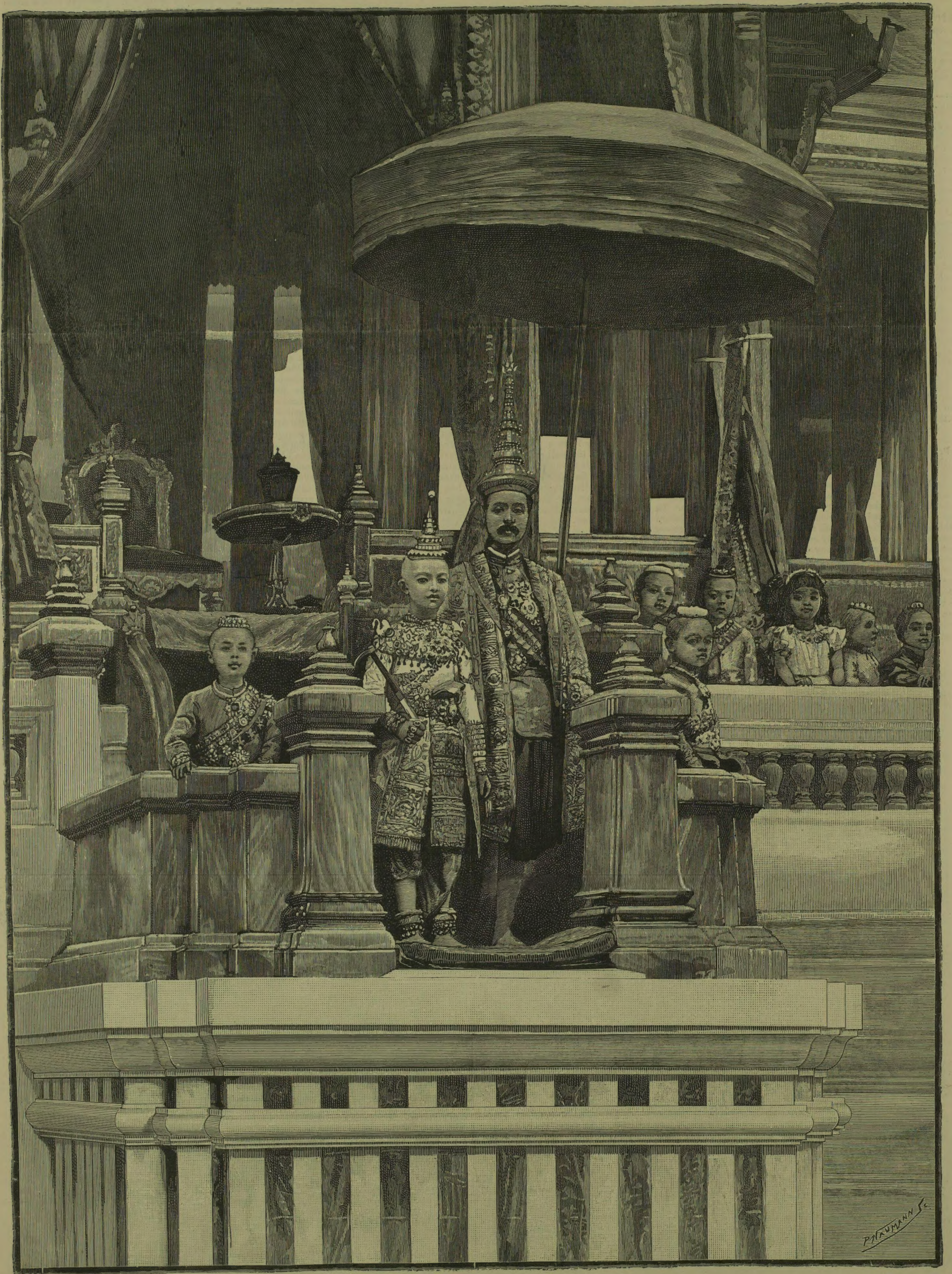
On the day of opening, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, came as president of the institution, being Grand Master of the English Freemasons. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Earl of Lathom, P.G.M., senior trustee and chairman of the day, and by the members of the House Committee. They were conducted to the great hall, in which was a large assembly of guests, among them the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs Farmer and Harris. At the conclusion of the ceremony their Royal Highnesses were conducted over the building.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

It is difficult, at first sight, to withhold sympathy from those theatrical managers who have protested against a measure which threatens to assimilate the theatre and the music-hall. It is proposed to allow music-halls to give dramatic entertainments not exceeding forty minutes in length. The fear which some managers express is that this will reduce some theatres to the music-hall level, because the competition of places of amusement where the audience may drink and smoke during the performance will draw a considerable section of playgoers from theatres in which these indulgences are not allowed. In a word, it is apprehended that the pit and gallery will desert the legitimate theatre to swell the receipts of the music-hall, and that the manager of the former will have to put up with the loss, or turn his house into a tavern. If this idea were well founded, the prospect would be deplorable, for nobody can suppose that an atmosphere of beer and tobacco is conducive to the best art. But the alarm is a good deal exaggerated. If any theatre should suffer from this competition of the music-hall, it must be a theatre in which the quality of the entertainment is practically the same as that of the dangerous rival. There are theatres in London, which anyone can name, where the amusement is either borrowed from the music-hall or is equally worthy of the accompaniment of a pipe and a tankard. Nobody needs to be told that the art of the Lyceum, the Garrick, or the Haymarket is quite incompatible with such associations, but it is equally clear that such art would be entirely unaffected by the proposed change in the law. The playgoers who take their pleasure at these theatres would not feel the smallest temptation to desert them for the music-halls where farce or melodrama was played for forty minutes amid the fumes of tobacco and whisky. An immense proportion of the playgoing public consists of women, and what inducement would take them to such places? It is natural that the theatrical managers should object to have their enterprise classed with that of the music-hall, but they cannot expect the law to protect them against the competition which they anticipate. Novelists who pursue the higher branches of their art do not ask for protection against the "blood and thunder" story-tellers. If people are to be weaned away from the lower forms of amusement and made to appreciate something higher, this must be done by the ordinary influences of taste and education. To say that in the interests of the theatres the music-halls must be prevented from regaling their frequenters with dramatic pieces is almost as arbitrary as to say that a burlesque ought to be suppressed because it draws people away from a classic tragedy. It is far from certain that the extension of a theatrical license to the music-halls will not, in the long run, prove to be a public benefit. It is conceivable, at all events, that the substitution of dramatic "sketches" for the idiotic songs which are the staple of a music-hall entertainment may gradually raise the taste of the people for whom they are provided. The music-hall song is usually the lowest type of buffoonery. When it is not covertly indecent it is generally a glorification of drunkenness, and it is always an expression of witless vulgarity. Now, the most inferior kind of stage play is above this level. It may be too much to hope that the average patron of the music-hall will be educated by the "sketches" to appreciate a theatre where he cannot drink or smoke; but, at all events, he may be brought to take an interest in something better than the songs to which he listens night after night. The theatrical managers need not grudge this, for the public whose needs they supply are not likely to yearn for forty minutes of the drama which goes with the dram.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES OPENING THE CENTENARY HALL OF THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS.



A SIAMESE ROYAL FAMILY FESTIVAL: THE KING PRESENTING THE CROWN PRINCE TO THE PEOPLE.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

Helga took me by the arm. "Oh, Hugh! silence them—they will come to blows!"

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR" ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A 'LONGSHORE' QUARREL.

We passed the afternoon in this way. Jacob was forward, sleeping; Thomas's turn at the helm had come round again; and Abraham lay over the lee rail, within grasp of the fore-sheet, lost in contemplation of the rushing waters.

"Where and when is this experience of ours going to end?" said I to Helga as we sat chatting.

"How fast are we travelling?" she asked.

"Between eight and nine miles an hour," I answered.

"This has been our speed during the greater part of the day," she said. "Your home grows more and more distant, Hugh; but you will return to it."

"Oh, I fear for neither of us, Helga," said I. "Were it not for my mother, I should not be anxious. But it will soon be a week since I left her, and, if she should hear that I was blown away out of the bay in the Anine, she will conclude that I perished in the vessel."

"We must pray that God will support her and give her strength to await your return," said she, speaking sadly, with her eyes bent down.

What more could she say? It was one of those passages in life in which one is made to feel that Providence is all in all, when the very instinct of human action in one is arrested, and when there comes upon the spirit a deep pause of waiting for God's will.

I looked at her earnestly as she sat by my side, and found myself dwelling with an almost lover-like pleasure upon the graces of her pale face, the delicacy of her lineaments, the refinement of prettiness that was heightened into something of dignity, maidenly as it was, by the fortitude of spirit her countenance expressed.

"Helga," said I, "what will you do when you return to Kolding?"

"I shall have to think," she answered, with the scarcely perceptible accent of a passing tremor in her voice.

"You have no relatives, your father told me?"

"No; none. A few friends, but no relatives."

"But your father has a house at Kolding?"

"He rented a house, but it will be no home for me if I cannot afford to maintain it. But let my future be my trouble, Hugh," said she, gently, looking at me, and always pronouncing my name as a sister might a brother's.

"Oh, no!" said I. "I am under a promise to your father—a promise that his death makes binding as a sacred oath upon me. Your future must be my business. If I carry you home in safety—I mean to my mother's home, Helga—I shall consider that I saved your life; and the life a man rescues it should be his privilege to render as easy and happy as it may lie in his power to make it. You have friends in my mother

and me, even though you had not another in the wide world. So, Helga," said I, taking her hand, "however our strange rambles may end, you will promise me not to fret over what your future may hold when you get ashore."

She looked at me with her eyes impassioned with gratitude. Her lips moved, but no word escaped her, and she averted her face to hide her tears.

Poor, brave, gentle, little Helga! I spoke but out of my friendship and my sympathy for her, as who would not, situated as I was with her, my companion in distress, now an orphan, desolate, friendless, and poor? Yet I little knew then, heedless and inexperienced as I was in such matters, how pity in the heart of a young man will swiftly sweeten into deeper emotion when the object of it is young and fair and loving and alone in the world.

The sun went down on a wild scene of troubled, running, foaming waters, darkling into green as they leapt and broke along the western sky that was of a thunderous, smoky tincture, with a hot, dim, and stormy scarlet which flushed the clouds to the zenith. Yet there had been no increase in the wind during the afternoon. It had settled into a hard breeze, good for outward-bounders, but of a sort to send everything heading north that was not steam scattering east and west, with yards fore-and-aft and tacks complaining.

By this time I had grown very well used to the motion of the lugger, had marked her easy flight from liquid peak into foam-laced valley, the onward buoyant bound again, the steady rush upon the head of the creaming sea, with foam to the line of the bulwark-rail, and the air for an instant snowlike with flying spume, and all the while the inside of the boat as dry as toast. This, I say, I had noticed with increasing admiration of the seagoing qualities of the hearty, bouncing, stalwart little fabric; and I was no longer sensible of the anxiety that had before possessed me when I had thought of this undecked lugger struggling with a strong and lumpish sea—a mere yawn upon the water, saving her fore-castle—so that a single billow tumbling over the rail must send her to the bottom.

"Small wonder," said I to Helga as we sat watching the sunset and marking the behaviour of the boat, "that these dead luggers should have the greatest reputation of any 'long-shore' craft around the English coasts, if they are all like this vessel! Her crew's adventure for Australia is no longer the astonishment I first found it. One might fearlessly sail round the world in such a craft."

"Yes," she answered softly in my ear—for surly Thomas sat hard by—"if the men had the qualities of the boat! But how are they to reach Australia without knowing their longitude? And if you were one of the party, would you trust Abraham's latitude? My father taught me navigation; and, though I am far from skilful at it, I know quite enough to feel

sure that such a rough observation as Abraham took to-day will, every twenty-four hours, make him three or four miles wrong, even in his latitude. Where, then, will the Early Morn blunder to?"

"Well, they are plainly a sensitive crew," said I, "and, if we want their good-will, our business is to carry admiring faces, to find everything right, and say nothing."

This chat was ended by Abraham joining us.

"Now, lady," said he, "when would ye like to tarn in? The fore-peak's to be yourn for the night. Name your hour, and whosoever's in it 'll have to clear out."

"I am grateful, indeed!" she exclaimed, putting her hand upon his great hairy paw in a pretty, caressing way.

"Abraham," said I, "I hope we shall meet again after we have separated. I'll not forget your kindness to Miss Nielsen."

"Say nothen' about it, Sir; say nothen' about it," he cried heartily. "She's a sailor's daughter, for all he warn't an Englishman. Her father lies drowned, Mr. Tregarthen. If he was like his lass he'll have had a good heart, Sir, and the sort of countenance one takes to at the first sight o't." By the rusty light still living in the west I saw him turn his head to look forward and then aft; then lowering his voice into a deep sea growl he exclaimed: "There's wan thing I should like to say: there's no call for either of ye to take any notice along of old Tommy. His feelings is all right; it's his vays as are wrong. Fact is," and here he sent another look forward and then aft, "Tommy's been a disappointed man in his marriages. His first wife took to drink, and was always a-combing of his hair with a three-legged stool, as Jack says. His second wife had the heart of a flint, spite of her providing him with ten children, fower by her first and six by Tommy. Of course it's got nothen' to do with me; but there ain't the loike of Molly Budd—I mean Tommy's wife—in all Deal—ay, ye may say in all Kent—for vickedness. Tommy owned to me wan day that though she'd lost children—ay, and though she'd lost good money tew, he'd never knowed her to shed a tear saving wonst. That was when she went out a-chairing. The master of the house had been in the habit of leaving the beer-key in the cask for th' ale to be served out by the hupper servant. Molly Budd was a-cleaning there one day, when down comes word for the key to be drawed out of the cask, and never no more to be left in it. This started Molly. She broke down and cried for a hour. Tommy had some hopes of her on that, but she dried up arterwards, and has never showed any sort of weakness since. But, of course, this is between you and me and the bed-post, Mr. Tregarthen."

"Oh, certainly!" said I.

"And now about the lady's sleeping," he continued.

I was anxious to see her snugly under cover; but she was in trouble to know how I was to get rest. I pointed to the

open space under that overhanging ledge of deck which I have before described, and told her that I should find as good a bedroom there as I needed. So after some little discussion it was arranged that she should take possession of the fore-peak at nine o'clock, and, meanwhile, Abraham undertook to so bulkhead the opening under the deck with a spare mizzenmast, yard, and sail as to ensure as much shelter as I should require. I believe he observed Helga's solicitude about me, and proposed this merely to please her; and for the same motive I consented, though I was very unwilling secretly to give the poor honest fellows any unnecessary trouble.

When the twilight died out, the night came down very black. A few lean, windy stars hovered wanly in the dark heights, and no light whatever fell from the sky; but the atmosphere low down upon the ocean was pale with the glare of the foam that was plentifully arching from the heads of the seas, and this vague illumination was in the boat to the degree that our figures were almost visible one to another. Indeed, a sort of wave of ghastly sheen would pass through the darkness amid which we sat each time the lugger buried herself in the foam raised by her shearing bounds, as though the dim reflection of a giant lantern had been thrown upon us from on high by some vast shadowy hand searching for what might be upon the sea.

When nine o'clock arrived, Abraham went forward and routed Thomas out of the fore-peak. The man muttered as he came aft to where we were, but I was resolved to have no ears for anything he might say at such a time. A sailor disturbed in his rest, grim, unshorn, scarcely awake, with the nipping night blast to exchange for his blanket, is proverbially the sulkiest and most growling of human wretches.

"I will see you to your chamber door, Helga," said I, laughing. "Abraham, can you spare the lady this lantern? She will not long need it."

"She can have it as long as she likes," he answered. "Good night to you, Mum, and I hope you'll sleep well, I'm sure. Feared ye'll find the fore-peak a bit noisier arter the silence of a big vessel's cabin."

She made some answer, and I picked up the lantern that had been placed in the bottom of the boat for us to sit round, and, with my companion, went clambering over the thwarts to the hatch.

"It is a dark little hole for you to sleep in, Helga," said I, holding the lantern over the hatch while I peered down, "but then—this time last night! Our chances we now know, but what were our hopes?"

"We may be even safer this time to-morrow night," she answered, "and rapidly making for England, let us pray!"

"Ay, indeed!" said I. "Well, if you will get below, I will hand you down the light. Good night, sleep well, and God bless you."

I grasped and held her hand, then let it go, and she descended, carrying with her the little parcel she had brought with her from the barque.

I gave her the lantern, and returned to smoke a pipe in the bottom of the boat under the shelter of the stern sheets, before crawling to the sail that was to form my bed under the overhanging deck. Thomas, whose watch below it still was, was already resting under the ledge, Abraham steered, and Jacob sat with a pipe in his mouth to leeward. I noticed that one of these men always placed himself within instant reach of the foresheet. Abraham's talk altogether concerned Helga. He asked many questions about her, and got me to tell for the second time the story of her father's death upon the raft. He frequently broke into homely expressions of sympathy, and when I paused, after telling him that the girl was an orphan and without means, he said—

"Beg pardon, Mr. Tregarthen; but might I make so bold as to ask if so be as you're a married man?"

"No," said I, "I am single."

"And is her heart her own, Sir, d'ye know?" said he. "For as like as not there may be some young Danish gent as keeps company with her ashore."

"I can't tell you that," said I.

"If so be as her heart's her own," said he, "then I think even old Tommy could tell 'ee what's a-going to happen."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, of course," said he, "you're bound to marry her!"

As she was out of hearing, I could well afford to laugh.

"Well," said I, "the sea has been the cause of more wonderful things than that! Anyway, if I'm to marry her, you must put me in the way of doing so by sending us home as soon as you can."

"Oy," said he, "that we'll do, and I don't reckon, master, that you'd be disposed to wait until we've returned from Australey, that Tommy and me and Jacob might have the satisfaction of drinking your healths and cutting a caper at your marriage."

Jacob broke into a short roar that might or might not have denoted a laugh.

"I shall now turn in," said I, "for I am sleepy. But first I will see if Miss Nielsen is in want of anything, and bring the lantern aft to you."

I went forward and looked down the hatch. By stooping, so as to bring my face on a level with the coaming, I could see the girl. She had placed the lantern in her bunk, and was kneeling in prayer. Her mother's picture was placed behind the lantern, where it lay visible to her, and she held the bible she had brought from the barque; but that she could read it in that light I doubted. I supposed, therefore, that she grasped it for its sacredness as an object and a relic while she prayed, as a Roman Catholic might hold a crucifix.

I cannot express how much I was affected by this simple picture. Not for a million would I have wished her to know that I watched her; and yet, knowing that she was unconscious I was near, I felt I was no intruder. She had removed her hat; the lantern-light touched her pale hair, and I could see her lips moving as she prayed, with a frequent lifting of her soft eyes. But the beauty, the wonder, the impressiveness of this picture of maidenly devotion came to it from what surrounded it. The little fore-peak, dimly irradiated, showed like some fancy of an old painter upon the shadows and lights of whose masterly canvas lies the gloom of time. The strong wind was full of the noise of warring waters, and of its own wild crying; the foam of the surge roared about the lugger's cleaving bows, and to this was to be added the swift leaps, the level poising, the shooting, downward rushes of the little structure upon that wide, dark breast of wind-swept Atlantic.

She rose to her feet, and, stooping always, for her stature exceeded the height of the upper deck, she carefully replaced the bible and picture in their cover. I withdrew, and, after waiting a minute or two, I approached again and called down to ask if all was well with her.

"Yes, Hugh," she answered, coming under the hatch with the lantern. "I have made my bed. It was easily made. Will you take this light? The men may want it, and I shall not need to see down here."

I grasped the lantern, and told her I would hold it in the hatch that it might light her while she got into her bunk.

"Good-night, Hugh," said she, and presently called, in her clear, gentle voice, to let me know that she was lying

down; on which I took the lantern aft, and, without more ado, crawled under the platform, or raft, as the Deal boatmen called it, crept into a sail, and in a few moments was sound asleep.

And now for three days, incredible as it will appear to those who are acquainted with that part of the sea which the lugger was then traversing, we sighted nothing—nothing, I mean, that provided us with the slenderest opportunity of speaking it. At very long intervals, it would be a little streak of canvas on the starboard or port sea-line, or some smudge of smoke from a steamer whose funnel was below the horizon; nothing more, and these so remote that the dim apparitions were as useless to us as though they had never been.

The wind held northerly, and on the Friday and Saturday it blew freshly, and in those hours Abraham reckoned that the Early Morn had done a good two hundred and twenty miles in every day, counting from noon to noon. I was for ever searching the sea, and Helga's gaze was as constant as mine; until the eternal barrenness of the sinuous line of the ocean induced a kind of heart-sickness in me, and I would dismount from the thwart in a passion of vexation and disappointment, asking what had happened that no ship showed? Into what part of the sea had we drifted? Could this veritably be the confines of the Atlantic off the Biscayan coast and waters? or had we been transported by some devil into an uncharted tract of ocean on the other side of the world?

"There's no want of ships," Abraham said. "The cuss of the matter is, we don't fall in with them. S'elp me, if I could only find one to give me a chance, I'd chive her even if she showed the canvas of a R'yal Jarge."

"If this goes on you'll have to carry us to Australia," said I, guessing from my spirits as I spoke that I was carrying an uncommonly long and dismal countenance.

"Hope not," exclaimed sour Tommy, who was at the helm at this time of conversation. "Tain't that we objects to your company; but where's the grub for five souls a-coming from?"

"Don't say nothen' about that," said Abraham, sharply. "Both the gent and the lady brought their own grub along with them. That ye know, Tommy, and I allow that ye hain't found their ham bad eating either. They came," he added, softening as he looked at his mate, "like a poor man's twins, each with a loaf clapped by the angels on to its back."

It was true enough that the provisions which had been removed from the raft would have sufficed Helga and me—well, I dare say, for a whole month, and perhaps six weeks, but for the three of a crew falling to the stock; and therefore I was not concerned by the reflection that we were eating into the poor fellows' slender larder. But, for all that, Thomas's remark touched me closely. I felt that if the three fellows, hearty and sailorly as were Abraham and Jacob—I say, I felt that if these three men were not already weary of us they must soon become so, more particularly if it should happen that they met with no ship to supply them with what they might require; in which case they would have to make for the nearest port, a delay they would attribute to us, and that might set them grumbling in their gizzards, and render us both miserable until we got ashore.

However, I was no necromancer; I could not conjure up ships, and staring at the sea-line did not help us; but I very well remember that that time of waiting and of expectation and of disappointment lay very heavily upon my spirits. There was something so strange in the desolation of this sea that I became melancholy and imaginative, and I remember that I foreboded a dark issue to my extraordinary adventure with Helga, inasmuch that I took to heart a secret conviction I should never again see my mother, nay, that I should never again see my home.

Sunday morning came. I found a fine bright day when I crawled out of my sail under the overhanging ledge. The wind had come out of the east in the night, and the Early Morn, with her sheet aft, was buzzing over the long swell that came flowing and brimming to her side in lines of radiance in the flashing wake of the sun. Jacob was at the tiller, and, on my emerging, he instantly pointed ahead. I jumped on to a thwart, and perceived directly over the bows the leaning, alabaster-like shaft of a ship's canvas.

"How is she steering?" I cried.

"Slap for us," he answered.

"Come!" I exclaimed with a sudden delight, "we shall be giving you a farewell shake of the hand at last, I hope. You'll have to signal her," I went on, looking at the lugger's masthead. "What colours will you fly to make her know your wants?"

"Ye see that there pole?" exclaimed Thomas, in a grunting voice, pointing with a shovel-ended forefinger to the spare booms along the side of the boat. I nodded. "Well," said he, "I suppose you know what the Jack is?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Well," he repeated, "we seize the Jack on to that there pole and hangs it over, and if that don't stop 'em it'll be 'cause they have a cargo of wheat aboard, the fumes of which'll have entered their eyes and struck 'em blind."

"That's so," said Jacob, with a nod.

Just then Abraham came from under the deck, and in another moment Helga rose through the little hatch, and they both joined us.

"At last, Helga!" I cried, with a triumphant face, pointing.

She looked with her clear blue eyes for a little while in silence at the approaching vessel, as though to make sure of the direction she was heading in, then, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, drawing a breath like a sigh, "Yes, at last. Hugh, your home is not so very far off now."

"What's she loike?" said Abraham, bringing his knuckles out of his eyes and staring.

He went to the locker for a little, old-fashioned, 'longshore telescope, pointed it, and said, "A bit of a barque. A furriner." He peered again, "A Hamburger," cried he. "Look, Tommy!"

The man put the glass to his eye and leaned against the rail, and his mouth lay with a sour curl under the little telescope as he stared through it.

"Yes, a whoite hull and a Hamburger," said he, "and she's coming along tew. There'll be no time, I allow, to bile the coffee-pot afore she's abreast," he added, casting a hungry, morose eye towards the little cooking-stove.

"Ye can loight the foire, Tommy," said Abraham, "wholst I signalise her," saying which he took an English Jack out of that locker in which he kept the soap, towels, and, as it seemed to me, pretty well all the crew's little belongings, and, having secured the flag to the end of the pole, he thrust it over the side and fell to motioning with it, continuing to do so until it was impossible to doubt that the people of the little barque had beheld the signal. He then let the pole with the flag flying upon it rest upon the rail, and took hold of the fore-halliards in readiness to let the sail drop.

I awaited the approach of the barque with breathless anxiety. I never questioned for a moment that she would take us aboard, and my thoughts flew ahead to the moment when Helga and I should be safely in her: when we should be looking round and finding a stout little ship under our feet,

the lugger with her poor plucky Deal sailors standing away from us to the southward, and the horizon past which lay the coast of Old England fair over the bows.

"Shove us close alongside, Jacob," cried Abraham.

"Shall 'ee hook on, Abraham?" inquired Jacob.

"No call to it," answered Abraham. "We'll down lug and hail her. She'll back her tawps, and I'll put the parties aboard in the punt."

"I have left my parcel in the fore-peak," said Helga, and was going for it.

"I'm nimbler than you can be now, Helga," said I, smiling, and meaning that now she was in her girlish attire she had not my activity.

I jumped forward, and plunged down the hatch, took the parcel out of the bunk, and returned with it, all in such a wild feverish hurry that one might have supposed the lugger was sinking, and that a moment of time might signify life or death to me. Abraham grinned, but made no remark. Thomas, on his knees before the stove, was sulkily blowing at some shavings he had kindled. Jacob, with a wooden face at the tiller, was keeping the bows of the Early Morn on a line with the oncoming vessel.

The barque was under a full breast of canvas, and was heeling prettily to the pleasant breeze of wind that was gushing brilliantly out of the eastern range of heaven made glorious by the soaring sun. Her hull sat white as milk upon the dark-blue water, and her canvas rose in squares which resembled mother-of-pearl with the intermixture of shadow and flashing light upon them occasioned by her rolling, so that the cloths looked shot like watered silk or like the inside of an oyster shell. But it was distance on top of the delight that her coming raised in me which gave her the enchantment I found in her, for, as she approached, her hull lost its snow-like glare and showed somewhat dingily with rusty stains from the scupper-holes. Her canvas, too, lost its symmetry and exhibited an ill-set pile of cloths, most of the clews straining at a distance from the yard-arm sheave holes, and I also took notice of the disfigurement of a stump-foretop-gallant-mast.

"Dirty as a Portugee," said Abraham; "yet she's Jarman all the same."

"I never took kindly to the Jarmans, myself," said Jacob; "they're a shoving people, but they aren't clean. Give me the Dutch. What's to beat their cheeses? There's nothing made in England in the cheese line as aquals them Dutch cannon-balls, all pink outside and all cream hin."

"Do you mean by a Hamburger a Hamburg ship?" asked Helga.

"Yes, lady; that's right," answered Abraham.

"Then she's bound to Hamburg," said the girl.

"Ask yourself the question," answered Abraham—which is the Deal boatmen's way of saying yes.

She looked at me.

"It will be all the same," said I, interpreting the glance; "England is but over the way from Hamburg. Let us be homeward-bound, in any case. We have made southing enough, Helga."

"Tommy!" sung out Abraham, "give that there Jack another flourish, will ye?"

The man did so, with many strange contortions of his powerful frame, and then put down the pole and returned to the stove.

"There don't seem much life aboard of her," said Jacob, eyeing the barque. "I can only count wan head over the fo'k'sle rail."

"Up hellum, Jacob!" bawled Abraham, and as he said the words he let go the fore-halliards, and down came the sail.

The lugger, with nothing showing but her little mizzen, lost way, and rose and fell quietly beam-on to the barque, whose head was directly at us, as though she must cut us down. When she was within a few cables' length of us she slightly shifted her helm and drew out. A man sprang on to her fore-castle rail and yelled at us, brandishing his arms in a motioning way, as though in abuse of us for getting into the road. We strained our ears.

"What do 'ee say?" growled Abraham, looking at Helga.

"I do not understand him," she answered.

"Barque ahoy!" roared Abraham.

The man on the fore-castle-head fell silent, and watched us over his folded arms.

"Barque ahoy!" yelled Jacob.

The vessel was now showing her length to us. On Jacob shouting a man came very quietly to the bulwarks near the mizzen rigging and, with sluggish motions, got upon the rail, where he stood holding on by a back-stay, gazing at us lifelessly. The vessel was so close that I could distinguish every feature of the fellow, and I see him now, as I write, with his fur cap and long coat and half-boots and beard like oakum. The vessel was manifestly steered by a wheel deep behind the deckhouse, and neither helm nor helmsman was visible—no living being, indeed, saving the motionless figure on the fore-castle head and the equally lifeless figure holding on by the backstay aft.

"Barque ahoy!" thundered Abraham. "Back your tawps'l, will 'ee? Here's a lady and gent as we wants to put aboard ye: they're in distress. They've bin shipwreckt—they wants to git home. Heave to, for Gord's sake, if so be as you're men!"

Neither figure showed any indications of vitality.

"What! are they corpses?" cried Abraham.

"No, they're wuss—they're Jarmens!" answered Jacob, spitting fiercely.

On a sudden the fellow who was aft nodded at us, then kissed his hand, solemnly dismounted, and vanished, leaving no one in sight but the man forward, who a minute later disappeared also.

Abraham drew a deep breath and looked at me. His countenance suddenly changed. His face crimsoned with temper, and, with a strange, ungainly, 'longshore plunge he sprang on top of the gunwale, supporting himself by a grip of the burton of the mizzenmast with one hand while he shook his other fist in a very ecstasy of passion at the retreating vessel.

"Call yourselves men!" he roared. "I'll have the law along of ye! It'll be me as'll report ye! Don't think as I can't spell. H, A, N, S, A—Hansa. There it is, wrote big as life on your blooming starn! I'll remember ye! You sausage-eaters!—you scowbankers!—you scaramouches!—you varmint! Call yourselves sailors? Only gi' me a chance of getting alongside!"

He continued to rage in this fashion, interlarding his language with words which sent Helga to the boat's side, and held her there with averted face; but, all the same, it was impossible to keep one's gravity. Vexed, maddened, indeed, as I was by the disappointment, it was as much as I could do to hold my countenance. The absurdity lay in this raving at a vessel that had passed swiftly out of hearing, and upon whose deck not a living soul was visible.

Having exhausted all that he was able to think of in the way of abuse, Abraham dismounted, flung his cap into the bottom of the boat, and, drying his brow by passing the whole length of his arm along it, he exclaimed—

"There!—now I've given 'em something to think of!"

A LITTLE SCANDAL EXPLAINED.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

From time to time blight falls upon Society (of course we all understand what is meant by Society) in the saddest form known to it. It is when, at afternoon gatherings or on the Sunday round of calls, the weary question, "Well, do you bring any news?" is invariably answered with the mortifying, "No, not a syllable"; or when "Have you heard?" and "What do you think of —?" are interrogations followed by nothing more gamesome than Aunt Mary's cold or the play that was produced six days before. Terrible if brief sinkings into silence there are, with a look of abstraction on each face as if every soul in the company were called to contemplate some troublous Secret of the Past, but which only means that every mind is being swept for something to say that shall be *chic*, true gossip and the parent of more.

For some weeks past, however, Society has been under no such affliction. Its customary topics have been superabundant, whether of the kind that may not be brought into the newspapers without fear of defamation, or of those that are dragged in with more or less of hazard and impropriety, or that are public scandals. Of such is the reopening and re-reading aloud of an extremely disagreeable story, whatever the rights and wrongs of it. How far a good citizen may be expected to carry self-sacrifice is, of course, a doubtful question; but a very good citizen, perhaps, would rather endure in comparative obscurity a half-forgotten—more than half-forgotten—sentence of blame than fill the air anew with revelations and accusations which are as the reek of a plague-filled burying-ground when somebody chooses to dig in it. If, indeed, wrongful blame can be proved, why that is another matter; but, if not, a great weight of public injury has to be set against a very small modicum of private gain, if any at all. The good citizen should think of that, perhaps, before he sets one half the world screaming and the other half chattering and giggling with more freedom than either is quite entitled to; as would appear if, by some monstrous misfortune, the record of all our lives were fully revealed.

Another and more recent and more novel subject of afternoon tea discourse has been the performance of a certain play at a certain free theatre, and, not less, the audience which assembled to witness that performance. All that most of the audience knew of the play, when they flocked to take tickets for the privilege of seeing it, was that the Lord Chamberlain had refused to license its production on the stage. Why he had refused to license it was also known, of course: he thought it unfit for publication in that way. And so it most certainly seems to be—even revoltingly unfit, no matter what the genius of the writer or the excellence of his purpose. Yet it is reported that amid the "brilliant assembly" packed in the theatre on this celebrated occasion there were a great many women, and not a few of them young women. How is that to be accounted for? Perhaps by a persuasion, so strongly urged upon us of late, that perfect art makes all things decent. If so, we may presently hear of the unlocking of portfolios till now kept as secret as stolen goods, and the use of their contents for the decoration of the boudoir, if not of the drawing-room. But no, that was not the explanation. Some men may persuade themselves that unrestrained publicity may be given to anything which (in their view) bears the stamp of perfect art. But there is something in the mind of every woman that forbids the approach of such belief; and surely we should all of us know that there are some lessons of the most wholesome and necessary kind that cannot be taught in the open street without hurt and shame. Then perhaps the presence of so many ladies at a forbidden play must be explained by something worse, of which hardihood forms a conspicuous part? The hardihood certainly appears to be undeniable; but whether it was exercised on behalf of an ill-seeming indelicacy, or what not, may yet be doubted. If the ladies who crowded to see the "Ghosts" performance were separately interrogated and returned candid answers, how many of them would have to tell that they went merely because they wished to say that they had gone? A very pretty number, we may depend upon it. Some hardihood was necessary for the purpose, no doubt. Not a hardihood that can be called heroic either, but yet summoned for no more questionable end than to be able to say, in all companies where the horrors and moralities of the play were discussed, "Oh, yes; I was there, you know!" And then, of course, "For pity's sake don't tell of me! Don't suppose—! If I had dreamed— Oh, I agree! And yet, I assure you, at times— You know what I mean!"—and so forth, and so forth. All to be a conspicuous person in the babblement of talk on the newest, warmest, and most frequent topic of the hour. It is a craze, this passion for notoriety however poor and small—this craving to be marked out and observed, if only for an hour. The crowd is so great that even a momentary distinction of any kind is difficult for most of the Society persons who would fain be visible in it now and then; and, at this rate, there is no certainty that if public executions were not abolished, or if it were still the practice to hang thieves, however handsome and daring—there is no certainty, I say, that we should not have fashionable parties made up to weep in the interesting malefactor's cell, or to see him "turned off" on a fair summer morning.

So, perhaps, we may account for the presence of "many ladies, and some of them young ladies," at the performance of a play which must have been a trial to most of them. Of course it must. We know how awkward it must have been to walk into the theatre under the speculative eyes of so many strange gentlemen. We know what it must have cost them to sit in a public place and in mixed company while the foulnesses of human nature were stripped of their concealing rags and presented to view. But then the popularity of it! the charm of hearing in a dozen "tea-fights," "Come now, you were there! Tell us all about it!" And then from another voice, "Were you really?" And then the little innings of "Yes, but pray don't ask me! Ask Lady B. She was in the first row of the stalls, and never winked an eyelash!" And so on, to the fulness of a blest ten minutes at least.

Can anybody think of a more agreeable explanation of a disagreeable thing?

CHARLES KEENE.

The exhibition now open at the Fine Arts Society's Gallery must, in a measure, be regarded as a tribute to the memory of an artist who throughout life personally shrank from public notice, although his name and work were made familiar to all through the widely circulated pages of *Punch*. Those, however, who only thought of Charles Keene as a satirist were as little acquainted with his art as his casual friends were with the singular sweetness and chivalry of his nature. He did not easily make friends. He took no pains to attract notice or arouse attention by smart sayings or brilliant paradoxes. On the other hand, his friendship, when once acquired, was true as steel; and, although he was content to let his associates float away on the stream of good fortune, he never abandoned those who throughout life had to struggle to keep their heads above water.

Charles Keene's death is of so recent date, and the notices it called forth were so copious, that it is unnecessary to rehearse the events of a life which, after all, was uneventful. Keene was a diligent worker from an early age, and his chief aim was to make his work each year more complete. Latterly he confined himself almost exclusively to humorous work, but it would be doing him a great injustice to suppose that he was either wholly a caricaturist or that the natural bent of his talent was always in that direction. In his early years as an artist he was a careful figure-drawer, and in an even more marked degree a lover of landscape. Some of his earliest work was executed for the *Illustrated London News*—in the days when the artist had to work on the block, and make his woodcut with unhesitating accuracy. He was often employed in this way to fill in the figures in sketches, of which the designers knew their own weakness, and Charles Keene's deftness of hand. But he loved to stray away into the country, and to bring back with him impressions of trees and hedges and hillsides; and how true and how accurate was his touch may be seen in the little clump of birch-trees of which a reproduction is here given.

Fate or fortune led him in 1850 to offer his services to the editors of *Punch*, and thenceforward his occupation led him to seek success in a very different field. Even after he had made his choice, however, we see over and over again the old love of nature, the keen sense of landscape beauty, sometimes indicated by only a few lines, appearing in his work. It is never thrown in as a mere background, but conveys some reference to the subject of the sketch. It is



STUDY FROM LIFE.

not conventional but explanatory, and in certain cases—as, for example, in "A Wayfarer"—it is thoroughly picturesque. As a rule, however, it was his method of rendering trees and landscape which gave Charles Keene his high place among artists, and it was this quality of his work which drew from the French critics at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 their unstinted praise. It may sound strange to English ears that Keene exercised a direct influence upon French art; but it is nevertheless true that Manet and other leaders of the Impressionists frankly recognised their indebtedness to the English humourist, while the two most characteristic of contemporary French humourists, Caran d'Ache and Boutet de Monvel, distinctly imitate Keene's work and method. With, perhaps, the single exception of Mr. Whistler, no draughtsman ever conveyed so much or so accurately with such slight touches. His complete apprehension of the real features of a landscape—of the lines of which it was made up, enabled him to obtain by a few strokes effects which others failed to reach by the most complex efforts. In this he was ably seconded by his firm and masterful hand, his keen sense of the value of light and shade. In the long series of workers in black and white which this country has seen since the days of Hogarth, it would be difficult to find one etcher or engraver who had arrived at such unerring precision of touch as is revealed in Keene's work.

His art-training had been short—only a few months in a Life School, where he had learnt the rudiments of his profession, followed by a somewhat longer apprenticeship to a firm of lithographers. On the other hand, his self-discipline was never-ending, and his work went on improving year after year. When, somewhat against his wishes, he first joined the *Punch* staff, he sacrificed his aspirations after more imaginative work. Here he could scarcely do more at first than follow the lead of John Leech, and, consequently, we find now and again direct evidence of that artist's influence—as, for example, in the "Ardent Angler" of the present exhibition; but he soon shook himself free of anything approaching imitative work, and set himself to study London life, as it was to be found not only in the streets at home and abroad, varied by glimpses of country life, and especially by the ways of Scotch gillies and gamekeepers, for whose society he had a very marked taste. But, happily for us and for his abiding reputation, he undertook the illustration, in succession, of three books each one of which will occupy a place in English literature—George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," as they appeared in serial form in the pages of *Once a Week* and Douglas Jerrold's "Caudle's Curtain Lectures." Each of these works brought into evidence a distinct side of Charles Keene's talent. In the first-named he was able to hit off with some of the author's irony the sorrows of pseudo-gentility, in

"Why, there was ne'er a soul to hear a word ye said," said Thomas, who was still busy at the stove, without looking up.

"See here!" shouted Abraham, rounding upon him with the heat of a man glad of another excuse to quarrel. "Dorn't you have nothen' to say. No sarce from you, and so I tells ye. I know all about ye. When did ye pay your rent last, eh? Answer me that!" he sneered.

"Oh, that's it, is it? that's the time o' day, eh?" growled Thomas, looking slowly but fiercely round upon Abraham, and stolidly rising into a menacing posture, that was made wholly ridiculous by the clergyman's coat he wore. "And what's my rent got to do with you? 'T all events, if I am a bit behoid hand in my rent, moy farder was never locked up for six months."

"Say for smuggling, Tommy, say for smuggling, or them parties as is a-listening 'll think the ould man did something wrong," said Jacob.

Helga took me by the arm.

"Oh, Hugh, silence them!—they will come to blows."

"No, no," said I quickly in a low voice. "I know this type of men. There must be much more shouting than this before they double up their fists."

Still, it was a stupid passage of temper fit only to be quickly ended.

"Come, Abraham," I cried, waiting till he had finished roaring out some further offensive question to Thomas: "let us get sail on the boat and make an end of this. The trial of temper should be mine, not yours. Luck seems against the lady and me; and let me beg of you, as a good fellow and an English seaman, not to frighten Miss Nielsen."

"What does Tommy want to sarce me for?" said he, still breathing defiance at his mate out of his large nostrils and blood-red visage.

"What's my rent got to do with you?" shouted the other.

"And what's moy father got to do with you?" bawled Abraham.

"I say, Jacob," I cried, "for God's sake let's tail on to the halliards and start afresh. There's no good in all this!"

"Come along, Abey, come along, Tommy!" bawled Jacob. "Droy up, mates! More'n enough's been said;" and with that he laid hold of the halliards, and, without another word, Abraham and Thomas seized the rope too, and the sail was mastheaded.

Abraham went to the tiller, the other two went to work to get breakfast, and now, in a silence that was not a little refreshing after the coarse hoarse clamour of the quarrel, the lugger buzzed onwards afresh.

"We shall be more fortunate next time," said Helga, looking wistfully at me; and well I knew there was no want of worry in my face; for now there was peace in the boat the infamous cold-blooded indifference of the rogues we had just passed made me feel half mad.

"We might have been starving," said I; "we might have been perishing for the want of a drink of water, and still the ruffians would have treated us so."

"It is but waiting a little longer, Hugh," said Helga, softly.

"Ay, but how much longer, Helga?" said I. "Must we wait for Cape Town, or perhaps Australia?"

"Mr. Tregarthen, don't let imagination run away with ye," exclaimed Abraham, in a voice of composure that was not a little astonishing after his recent outbreak; though, having a tolerably intimate knowledge of the 'longshore character, and being very well aware that the words these fellows hurl at one another mean very little, and commonly end in nothing—unless the men are drunk—I was not very greatly surprised by the change in our friend. "There's nothen' that upsets the moind quicker than imagination. I'll gi' ye a yarn. There's an old chap, of the name of Billy Buttress, as crawls about our beach. A little grandson o' his took the glasses out o' his spectacles by way o' amusing hisself. When old Billy puts 'em on to read with he sings out, 'God bless me, Oi'm gone blind!' and trembling, and all of a clam, as the saying is, he outs with his handkerchief to wipe the glasses, thinking it might be dirt as hindered him from seeing, and then he cries out, 'Lor' now, if I ain't lost my feeling!' He wasn't to be comforted till they sent for a pint o' ale and showed him that his glasses had been took out. That's imagination, master. Don't you be afeered. We'll be setting ye aboard a homeward-bounder afore long."

By the time the fellows had got breakfast, the hull of the barque astern was out of sight; nothing showed of her but a little hovering glance of canvas, and the sea-line swept from her to ahead of us in a bare unbroken girdle.

(To be continued.)

President Harrison is arranging a visit to the Pacific Coast States in April, going via New Orleans. The Secretary for War and the Secretary of the Navy will accompany him. Elaborate preparations are being made in order to secure for him a warm reception in California, Presidential visits there being a rarity.

A Bill relating to street music in London has been introduced by Mr. Jacoby, M.P. It proposes to empower any householder, personally or by his agent or servant, to require any person grinding or playing upon any street organ or other instrument of music in front of or near his house or premises to desist, and to refrain from again performing within a quarter of a mile. For refusing to comply with such a requirement a performer is to be liable to a penalty not exceeding 40s., or, in the discretion of the Court, to imprisonment for fourteen days, with or without hard labour. The same penalty is reserved for anyone who grinds or plays upon any street organ or other instrument of music before eight in the morning or after eight in the evening. However, the Bill is not intended to apply to any person not playing for reward, or to any musician belonging to her Majesty's forces, whether naval, military, or auxiliary, or to persons taking part in a procession, whether it have a religious or political object, or be for the purposes of any charitable institution or of any labour organisation.

A most touching and impressive scene was witnessed at St. Petersburg on March 13, in which the imperial family and the British colony were deeply interested. The Emperor and the Empress and his Majesty's four brothers, with their imperial consorts, attended the funeral of their old English nurse, Miss Catherine Strutton, who died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-two. The Czar and the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Serge, and Paul walked on foot through the melting snow and dirt, behind the English hearse (which had glass panels, showing the coffin covered with flowers), along the Neva Quay, from the Winter Palace to the English church, while the Empress and the Grand Duchesses followed in a long line of carriages. They remained in the church, as chief mourners, throughout the funeral service. Lady Morier, Miss Morier, Colonel Molyneux, and the staff of the Embassy were also present. The Czar afterwards drove, with his brothers, to the cemetery, and saw the burial. Their Imperial Majesties were unremitting in their personal and affectionate attentions to the deceased during her illness.

Charles Reade's work he had scope for both learning and inventiveness; while in depicting the misdeeds of Mr. Caudle he gave himself up to a more imaginative line, and in one drawing—that of the girl whom Mr. Caudle did not loiter with at the corner of the street—he touches a vein which one regrets he did not pursue further.

It has been made a reproach to Charles Keene that he never drew "gentlemen." In the sense that "fine feathers make fine birds," this is quite true. He had no appreciation of well-cut and well-fitting clothes—at least on men; but he could give a true rendering of the country squire or parson, and even of the London lounge, while no one can look at the designs for the coloured pictures which accompanied "Punch's Pocket Books"—"The Autumn (Matrimonial) Manœuvres" (1877), "Punch's Reading Party" (1878), and "Bicycling" (1879)—without recognising his power in grouping graceful girls, and his sense of feminine beauty. It was, too, in this last-mentioned cartoon that we find the nearest attempt Keene



PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO DRAWS UP
THE METEOROLOGICAL REPORTS.

"Another depression is coming!"

From "Punch."

[Just as he was about to take his holiday too.]



STUDY OF A TREE.

ever made to political caricature—that of Lord Beaconsfield dexterously guiding his bicycle over the rough ground of that year. Even here, however, Keene was true to his own conception of art. There is no grimace nor exaggeration of the features, a truthful adherence to nature suffices to produce a far more humorous effect in this instance than any caricature could have done. Indeed it cannot be too steadfastly

borne in mind that Keene was in scarcely any sense a satirist or a caricaturist. He aimed at depicting men and women as they presented themselves to his eye, which was keen to detect the "psychological moment," whether it was that of getting into an omnibus, of cheapening goods in a shop, or of attempting to escape from emergencies, and of such fleeting moments he took rapid

note, and transferred them at once through his own humorous fancy to the shape in which they appear in *Punch*. As years went on this reliance upon London street life increased, and it was here that he showed his really remarkable powers of draughtsmanship. No one has hit off with such ease and precision the jaunty air and pose of the hansom cabdriver, the self-importance of the omnibus conductor, the hurry of the railway porter or guard. In a higher walk and an earlier period he found similar inspiration in the clergy, Established or Nonconforming; in Highlanders, civil and military; infusing into every part of their figures some suggestion of grotesque humour. In truth, Keene's art was a natural reflection of himself. He had a horror of fine clothes, of affected manners and unreal pretensions. When, after years of comparative



THE CONNOISSEUR.

"There! my boy! what do you think of that glass o' wine? I thought I'd give you a treat! That's '34 port, Sir!"

"Ah! and very nice too! You're lucky! I assure you it's quite as good as some I gave 37s. for the other day!"

Original Sketch for drawing in "Punch."

struggle, he came to earn a large income, he found that his old habits and tastes clung to him, and while his old colleagues floated off to a more dazzling style of life, he remained true to himself and his art, and in the future he may well be known as the Last of the Bohemians.

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THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

WORKING MAN: "Ain't you going to send that boy of yours to school, Bill?"

BILL: "Oh, will I? He went one day, and when he came home he told me it was reprimensible to get drunk! Think I'll have p'rental feelin's outraged, an' all the sweet an' 'oly union of 'ome 'fection broken up by swells teachin' of him? Come an' stan' a pint!"

Original Sketch for drawing in "Punch."



EXPENDED!

[From "Punch."]

GUEST: "Will you give me a little champagne?"

HIBERNIAN WAITER: "Shumpane, Sor? Bedad! I've had none meself this two hours!"



STUDY OF A CARPENTER'S SHOP.



A FAMILY MAN.

CABBY: "Vy, I'm a father of a fam'ly myself, mum—not so 'andsome as your little dears, mum, I don't say—an' d'you think I'd go for to overcharge for 'em? Not I, mum! Not a sixpence, bless their little 'earts!" &c., &c.

Original Sketch for drawing in "Punch."

[Claim allowed.]



SEEDTIME.

LITERATURE.

MOUNTAINEERING IN EAST AFRICA.

Across East African Glaciers: An Account of the First Ascent of Kilimanjaro. By Dr. Hans Meyer. (G. Philip and Son.)—Alpine clubs, now established in several countries of Europe, have taken all the high places of the earth for their province. Bold climbers of the Caucasus, the Himalayas, and the Andes find common ground of pedestrian ambition, in remote geographical regions, at a certain altitude where peaks, passes, and glaciers afford difficult footing and breathing. The exploit performed by Dr. Hans Meyer, of Leipzig, in October 1889, which other travellers had unsuccessfully attempted, may justly be claimed as a German national triumph. It was the more gratifying, as Kilimanjaro, one of the most imposing mountains on the surface of the globe, is an ornament of the German East African dominion. Kilimanjaro is approached, however, in a direction somewhat north of due west, through the British East Africa Company's territory from the seaport of Mombasa. This is a journey which has frequently been described. Fourteen days' toilsome walking from Mombasa, leading a troop of three-score Swahili porters with a small guard of armed Somali, brought Dr. Meyer and his companion, Herr Purtscheller, to the woodland oasis of Taveta. This place, a small patch of luxuriant forest on the banks of the Lumi River, between Lake Jipé and the south-eastern declivity of Kilimanjaro, is a well-known resort of East African tourists. We have become sufficiently familiar with it from the writings of Mr. Joseph Thomson and Mr. H. H. Johnston, Mr. Willoughby, and others. The mountain itself, though its summit, nearly 20,000 ft. high, was hitherto inaccessible, has long been one of our geographical acquaintances. It was discovered by Rebmann, a German missionary, in 1818, was visited next year by Krapf, in 1861 by Von der Decken, by the Rev. Charles New in 1871, and in 1883 or 1884 by Thomson and Johnston. Unlike Mount Ruwenzori, recently discovered near Lake Albert Edward Nyanza by Mr. Stanley's last expedition, Kilimanjaro is isolated, not forming part of a great range or group of mountains. A mass of rock over fifty miles long and forty wide rises to the height of 14,400 ft., above which are two summits, Kibo, the loftiest in Africa, reaching 19,720 ft. in "Kaiser Wilhelm Peak," and Mawenzi, eight or nine miles eastward, having an elevation of 17,570 ft. The former perpetually wears an enormous cap of ice, the edges of which are in some places 180 ft. thick. Mawenzi, on the contrary, stands bare in summer, the time opposite to our own summer, being in latitude three degrees south of the Equator. Dr. Meyer had twice before, with Baron von Eberstein and Dr. Oscar Baumann, in 1887 and 1888, travelled in East Africa, and knew his way up to the base of Kibo. His third attempt, with Purtscheller, was perfectly successful. It earned him the glory of naming Kaiser Wilhelm Peak, and bringing home a bit of the topmost rock, which he presented to the Emperor at Berlin. There was not much snow, but an immense quantity of ice. The actual climbing was less dangerous than it often is in the Alps; but the extremely rarefied air caused painful exhaustion in crossing the glaciers and high ridges of lava. An extinct volcanic crater, 2000 yards in diameter, 600 ft. or 700 ft. deep, with a cone of lava and ashes in the middle of it, reveals the physical history of Kibo; that of Mawenzi is similar, but of older date, and its eastern side is precipitous. From the beautiful views presented in a coloured frontispiece and in the finely printed photographs that adorn this handsome volume, Kilimanjaro seems to be one of the most graceful and sublime of earth's mountains. Its southern side is partly clothed with dense forest, and sends down many streams. The terrace-like hills of Jagga, thus watered and fertilised, support a large native population, with whose chiefs Dr. Meyer became acquainted. The recent German settlement there may thrive better than on the sterile and insalubrious plains.

A GIPSY ROMANCE.

No. 747; being the Autobiography of a Gipsy. By F. W. Carew, M.D. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.)—The outer cover of this volume displays and explains, by the accompanying broad arrow, the numeral recited in its title, being the official designation of a prisoner in such a convict establishment as Portland or Dartmoor, where a respectable medical gentleman, supposed to be the editor of the original narrative, claims to have made acquaintance with its questionable hero. Samson Loveridge, the gipsy who thus tells the story of his own life, is confessedly a rogue and vagabond, with an hereditary talent for knavish tricks, not corrected by the good instruction he got from "Passon Mark," the Rev. Mark Sealy, and the liberal aid of his kind patron, Sir George L'Estrange, in apprenticing the wild youth to an honest trade. "You have received an excellent education—instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks," was the magisterial rebuke once bestowed on a rustic culprit at a certain Petty Sessions. If Samson Loveridge had committed no graver offences against the laws, he would not have figured as "No. 747." But his conduct is not wholly bad, and there may be some excuse for one whose fatherless childhood was passed in the ruffianly company of roving outlaws, cheating horse-copers, poachers, smugglers, and sneaking marauders, encamping here and there all over the West of England, as they used to do some forty or fifty years ago. This book reminds us of Mr. George Borrow's "Lavengro," which might acceptably be reprinted.

We surmise that Dr. Carew, who seems to be a retired elderly physician, long resident in North Devon, formerly having peculiar opportunities of learning the ways of the gipsies, collected a great store of materials for a descriptive treatise; and these notes, connected by a slight thread of imaginary boyish recollection in the name of Samson Loveridge, fill above one third of the volume. It is certainly the best part, and is as good an account of the Devonshire and Somersetshire community of "Rommany" folk, hovering at that time about the border villages or hamlets of Exmoor and Dartmoor, as could have been produced. The author seems perfectly familiar with that hideous jargon which the genuine Rommany speak among themselves, and which is provided with an exact translation at the foot of each page. Readers who have lived long in those or similar country districts, and who are familiar with the natural history of the moorlands, the streams, and plantations or patches of woodland, the peculiar breeds of cattle and ponies reared in that half-wild region, the pursuits of otter-hunting, stag-hunting, and salmon-fishing, and the difficulty of game-preserving, under the local conditions, will more fully appreciate the truthfulness of this portion of the book. Nowhere has a completer exposition been given of the manifold ingenious devices of fraudulent horse-dealers; the various ways of disguising stolen horses, or concealing the defects of those offered for sale; the methods of furtively snaring game or fish in preserved rivers; the organised system of imposture practised at fairs and markets, at farmhouses, and sometimes at the Squire's mansion, by cunning gipsies and their dishonest allies.

CHARLES LAMB VULGARISED.

In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove. With a Bibliography by E. D. North. (London: R. Bentley and Son, 1891.)—The discovery which follows immediately on opening this little book, that it is, in every detail, except the publisher's name, an American production, tends to create a prejudice in its favour; for Americans take a much keener interest than ourselves in the homes and haunts of famous Englishmen. Not only do they greatly outnumber the native pilgrims at the show-places, but find themselves almost alone when they carry their guide-books into the byways. From almost the beginning the Americans have rarely been behind us, and have been sometimes before us, in appreciation of the Lambs. The "Poetry for Children" which, apparently, was allowed to die out here on the exhaustion of the first edition in 1809, was reprinted at Boston in 1812; "Mr. H—," so decisively damned at Drury-Lane on its first night, was brought out in New York a few months after with fair success, and in later years was reproduced, and even "run," in other American cities; while the later essays of Elia were collected and published at Philadelphia long before they appeared in book-form in this country. In more recent times Mr. Babson of Boston reaped a substantial aftermath, and completed (with unnecessary completeness, as some thought) the collection of Lamb's "Works" by publishing "Elia" in 1864. Mr. Babson also found occasion to say very severe things—and not more severe than just—about English editions of Lamb published some twenty years ago or thereabouts.

It would have broken that good man's heart to see such a book as "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" issue from the press of his own country. Its author is a new Rip van Winkle, who, if he believes what he says in his preface—and as he seems incapable of understanding a joke need not lightly be accused of making one—is clearly a Rip van Winkle only half-awake. Dr. Martin believes (or affects to believe) that on him has been laid the burden of revealing to the world an undefined something, which he calls "the entire truth" about the Lambs: he trembles (or affects to tremble) at the possible effect he may produce; but does not shrink,



CHARLES LAMB.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. F. JOSEPH, A.R.A.

having "found comfort and cheer in the belief that neither apology nor homily can ever again be deemed needful to a decorous demeanour beside these dead." If Dr. Martin had substituted for this beautiful but nebulous passage a statement that he had "found comfort and cheer in the thought that his home is in the settin' sun," the meaning extractable might have been much the same. Whatever meaning or no-meaning, however, he may expect his readers to extract from his nonsense, it may be stated plainly here that no secrets are revealed in the book save the *secrets de polichinelle*. Its only novelties are its blunders and misconceptions. The narrative which runs, more or less deviously, through it is, mainly, a vile, unintelligent paraphrase of Canon Ainger's "Life of Lamb," many of the words and much of the arrangement of the sentences of the original being retained, while all the charm and distinction which characterise its style have evaporated. Quotation marks are, for obvious reasons, dispensed with in this department, but in others, where they are freely used, the quotations bristle with errors. Dr. Martin has no grasp of his subject, and so little knowledge of its surroundings that his picture lacks perspective; he is so destitute of all sense of humour as almost to realise Lamb's ideal Scotsman, with the inevitable consequence that only by an occasional happy accident does he catch Lamb's meaning.

The book is an expansion of two articles which appeared last year in *Scribner's Magazine*, with a few of the more obvious errors corrected and the addition of a good many more. Only a specimen or two (without discriminating old and new) can be noticed. Dr. Martin not only fancies (absurdly) that Southey made a third with Lamb and Coleridge at the Salutation and Cat, but that these "three cronies"—who were never cronies at all, as a trio—also frequented a certain public-house called The Feathers, in Hand Court, off Holborn. Dr. Martin makes much of this tavern: measures (quite inaccurately) its distance from No. 7, Little Queen Street; describes it lovingly (and unattractively); appears even to have acquired, as bric-à-brac, its ancient signboard; and seems to have caused poor Mr. Railton to exercise an imaginative pencil in reviving the building as it may have been in 1795! After all this fuss, it seems almost a pity to have to tell Dr. Martin that, as far as Lamb is concerned, The Feathers is but a Castle in Spain. It has been founded, we fear, on nothing more substantial than the misreading of a letter of J. M. Gutch, printed in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Charles and Mary Lamb," in which Gutch states that he used to meet Lamb's and the climbing-boys' friend, Jem White, at The Feathers. There is not a word of Lamb being of the company.

Dr. Martin is not satisfied with the reasons given by Mary Lamb for leaving the Temple for lodgings in Covent Garden: the rooms out of repair, the inconvenience of living in chambers becoming more and more irksome, and so on.

"More weighty among their motives, no doubt, was the desire to escape the incessant invasion of their privacy by welcome and yet unwelcome friends. From the wear and tear," adds this amazing doctor, with open-eyed wonder, "they were not freed by their flight, however." They would have been very much astonished and disappointed if they had; for they had removed into more accessible quarters, and to a locality rendered all the more agreeable to these confirmed Cockneys by the delightful street noises so long missed in the oppressive stillness of the Temple.

When Dr. Martin comes to deal with the various suburban cottages occupied by the Lambs, all happily still existent in habitable repair, he rewards the courtesy of the present tenants by ridiculing their furniture and wall-papers. His ill-manners, which have probably shut these doors to future pilgrims, extend to the dead as well as to the living. The love and respect of Lamb are no protection to any of his friends. The dearest and best of them are called the worst names, and the greatest are especially selected for travesty. Coleridge is the Coleridge whom Lamb never heard of anything but preach, or the Coleridge of "rhetorical preachments and melancholy, both born of rheumatism, rum, and opium"; Hazlitt, the man of "ingrained selfishness, petulance, and tea-inspired turgidity"; Wordsworth, "solemnly weighted with the colossal conviction of his own mission." What a "very merry letter" would Lamb have written to Dr. Martin about all this!

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"Allworthy Elia," as Hone called Charles Lamb, is in danger of passing from the hands of the biographer into those of the bookmaker—which, indeed, is a familiar and natural descent. Your born bookmaker knows himself too well to write of any man of letters until he has had one or two biographers. How often has Dickens been "done" since John Forster printed his "Life"?—or Carlyle, since Mr. Froude lifted the veil?

Hone, by the way, gave Gentle Elia his not inappropriate epithet of Allworthy in a set of doggerel "quatorzians," acknowledging a good-natured compliment which Lamb had paid him in the *London Magazine*—

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
The title only errs, he bids me say:
For while such art, wit, reading, there are shown,
He swears 'tis not a work of every day.

So wrote Lamb; and Hone ended with this couplet—

To such high meed I did not dare aspire
As public honour from the hand of Allworthy Elia.

How many of Lamb's contemporaries called him Elia with the accent on the second syllable? Pedantically speaking, that is where the accent ought to be, but—for the generality of readers, at any rate—it will never get there again.

Mr. George Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors" will be published in volume form in April, when it will be found to contain a great deal of material omitted, through exigencies of space, from the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Meredith also promises two volumes of poems at an early date, one of them to contain the much-talked-of but little-known "Modern Love."

Mr. Andrew Lang is mistaken when he alludes in his admirable essay on Robert Louis Stevenson, and all his works, to "the impossible Young Man with the Cream Tarts." For the episode, although happily not succeeded by the dire events related in the story, actually occurred in Edinburgh years ago, when the (not then) author of the "New Arabian Nights" sallied forth one evening with a near relative, as charmingly experimental as himself, on that fantastic adventure.

M. Emile Zola is the newest addition to the Société des Gens de Lettres, and so delighted were the members of that respected body at the honour done them that they actually gave a literary feast at Bréban in honour of the event. It was the great realistic writer's first appearance at anything of the kind, and in his maiden speech he alluded to his hitherto lonely and concentrated life. This new departure has aroused considerable speculation in French literary circles, but now the phenomenon is partially explained, for M. Emile Zola has definitively proposed his candidature for the Academy fauteuil left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet, and there seems every chance of the great realist becoming, after all, "One of the Forty," for it is well known that the kindly author of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" had of late years become a convert of the new school, and was often heard to say that M. Zola could count upon his Academic vote. The author of "L'Assommoir" has a striking personality, and looks what he is rather more than do most of his *confrères littéraires*. His tall and now spare figure is surmounted by a lean, pale countenance, rather prominent forehead, and a mass of dark-brown hair thrown back with every nervous movement of his head. His deep-set grey eyes are remarkably clear and searching, and his language, when engaged in serious talk, both terse and eloquent, wandering over a large range of subjects and thought. It is not generally known that as a young man Zola at one time thought of being an artist. He has very strong and definite views on art: many of them are embodied in "L'Œuvre," one of the strongest, though not one of the most popular, of his books.

The town library of Strassburg has just become possessed of a very rare book—namely, the famous Dr. Zèle Catechism, one of the first popular Lutheran publications circulated in Germany. The booklet had been in a village clergy-house apparently for two hundred years with a number of other old theological works, and was finally disposed of for the modest sum of 151 marks.

At last Baron Tauchnitz is to have serious opposition. Mr. Heinemann, the publisher, has formed a company, to be known as Heinemann and Balestier (Limited), which will immediately begin operations. The great firm of Brockhaus, Leipzig, will direct the distribution and sale of books on the Continent, and the new works of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Rider Haggard, and others will be included. It must not be supposed that Baron Tauchnitz has neglected these authors; on the contrary, they figure in his lists. But the buyers of English books on the Continent are a peculiar community, consisting not merely of travellers, but including many permanent residents with tastes of their own. Florence Marryat, to give an example, is one of their most popular authors, and nearly all her many books have been reprinted, while for some writers of great reputation here there is next to no demand. This is by no means the first attempt to compete with Tauchnitz. There have been others—the most serious being probably that of Asber, of Berlin—but they have all failed, partly because Tauchnitz had the support of the most popular writers, but chiefly from want of a sufficiently wide and thorough organisation. We should not be surprised if the result were a considerable reduction in the price of the books.

THE FASHION OF FEDERATION.

It is clear that if one wants to be in the fashion just now when talking of Governments and Constitutions one must find plenty to say on the subject of federation. Federation is in the air; it is evidently regarded by some worthy people as a panacea for national diseases; and the makers of Constitutions scarcely trouble themselves any longer with new republics or principalities. Every part of the British Empire, according to certain confident predictions, is hereafter to furnish a stone in a vast federal mosaic. Canada, Australia, the Cape, India, even the West Indies, are to be so many dominions, federalised themselves in respect of their own provinces, and federated with each other and with the "four nations" of our island group at home. It is interesting as a dream; but is it anything more? Within half a century or so we have seen federations attempted in Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, the Argentine, Brazil, Colombia, Mexico, and Venezuela, most of them based on the models of the United States and Switzerland. The Germanic Confederation is already an empire—and there are some who think that empire is the natural and logical sequel of a federation. Political fashions, like the leaves of the forest, have their time to fall; and, so far as there is a fashion in federation, it will fall with the rest of them. Not many years ago there was quite a fashion for principalities in South-Eastern Europe. More recently, there arose a talk about tying them together in a federal bond. Shall we live to see a Servian, or even a Greek or Roumanian empire?

Meanwhile, the seven Australian colonies have been seriously considering the groundwork of a new federal constitution, and it must be admitted that they have never previously advanced so near to a common agreement. New South Wales, with its free-trade policy, is ready to contemplate an Australian Zollverein, with a tariff war on foreign nations—the mother country being treated as foreign for this particular purpose. Queensland and New Zealand, two notoriously jealous countries, are for the first time willing to treat for their absorption into the future Dominion of Australia, only stipulating for an equal representation in the Senate, and for concurrent powers of the Senate and the House of Representatives on all points, including money Bills, so that none of the "sovereign" units of the federation should be liable to be absolutely coerced by the numerical superiority of the rest. The scheme put forward at Sydney by Sir Henry Parkes is based, in the main, on the well-tried system of the United States of America, though differing from it in some important particulars. The Federal Supreme Court, for instance, is to be "under the direct authority of the Sovereign," and of course there is nothing corresponding to this control in the United States. It remains to be seen how the control is to be defined, and how far the definition will be likely to create a stumbling-block after the Supreme Court has been established. In regard to the Executive, it is proposed that there shall be individual responsibility of Ministers to Parliamentary majorities, whereas in the United States there is only responsibility by impeachment. It is interesting to watch these Australian federalists at work in their glass hive; and it will be still more interesting in the future to see whether the free adoption of such a Constitution will strengthen or weaken the imperial bond. Already some of the delegates have been talking of a great Federal Republic of Australasia. Perhaps they would admit that this is just a little "previous," and that meanwhile it is no disadvantage to have a mother country to look to.

BOMBAY WATERWORKS: THE TANSA DAM.



THE TANSA DAM.

The construction of an immense dam of masonry to form a reservoir of water in the Tansa Valley, connected with the waterworks for the supply of the city of Bombay, now rapidly approaching completion, is one of the most important feats of engineering that have been undertaken in India by British skill and enterprise. Five years ago the Indian Government had its attention called to the fact that the city of Bombay, which has doubled in population since the date of the Indian Mutiny, was in danger of a possible water famine, as the facilities for obtaining a supply were yearly becoming more inadequate, while the necessities of the town were increasing. The Council of Indian Government at Calcutta thereupon sent Mr. W. Clerke, M.I.C.E., to Bombay, with full instructions; and he called in aid Mr. Thomas Craigie Glover, C.E., the well-known Anglo-Indian contractor, who was engaged in the Elphinstone reclamation of the Bombay foreshore, the Prince's Dock, the railway bridge over the Jumna at Agra, and the Chumba Viaduct at Dholpore.

Sixty miles inland from Bombay is the Tansa Valley, which receives a large number of hill streamlets. Although many of these percolate through the soil, and are lost before their waters could get to the coast, it was decided to erect a dam across the valley, and to create a lake of eight square miles, thus practically securing the rainfall of the entire district.

Mr. Glover, who has, during his thirty years of engineering work in India, trained nearly half a million of natives, many thousands at a time, successively, to the use of the hod and trowel, agreed to undertake this task. Its magnitude may be conceived from the huge dimensions of the dam, which is 118 ft. in height, 103 ft. wide at base, 25 ft. wide at the top, and two miles in length. Five years were given to Mr. Glover to complete his work, and he has finished it several months before the time allotted. Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, recently made a flying visit of inspection, and expressed his astonishment at its appearance. When the great pipes to connect this artificial lake with Bombay are completed, the Viceroy of India will open the waterworks.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SMITHFIELD.

The restorations which have been carried on, from the plans of Mr. Aston Webb, architect, in the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, include the south transept; and March 14 was the day appointed for the reopening of this portion of the fabric. The ceremony consisted of a religious service, in which the Dean of St. Paul's assisted; the sermon was preached by the Bishop of London. The Lady Mayoress and several Aldermen were among the congregation. The fine Norman work, both early and late, brought to light in the course of these restorations is now seen to great advantage; for on the removal of the



RESTORATION OF SOUTH TRANSEPT, ST. BARTHOLOMEW, SMITHFIELD,
SHOWING THE FONT WHERE HOGARTH WAS CHRISTENED.

modern plaster in which the arches of the south transept were embedded the old work was fortunately found to be intact, and almost as sharp in its details as when it was first erected. In two places the original coloured plaster used by the Norman architects to cover their rubble work is still visible. We present a view of the south transept, the font being shown in which Hogarth was christened. The history of the Priory Church, and that of its sister foundation, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, are tolerably well known. The church was founded by Rahere, in the reign of Henry I., in the year 1123, founding his hospital at the same time. A charter of privileges was granted by the King. Rahere was a member of the order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and this was one of the earliest Augustinian monasteries in England.

Three hundred Chinese pirates and robbers were beheaded in the Kwantung provinces during the last few days of the old Chinese year.

Cigarettes are the detestation of the good people of British Columbia. Already a text-book is in use in the public schools to prove the ill effects both of alcohol and tobacco, and the Legislature of the province has now passed a Bill making it an offence to sell the innocent-looking cigarette to a minor. Some hon. members seemed desirous of going further, and, on the ground that tobacco had the effect of depressing the heart's action, prohibiting its use by adults and minors alike; but the Attorney-General soon put a damper on this proposal, by asserting that he himself committed the awful offence of enjoying the alluring weed.

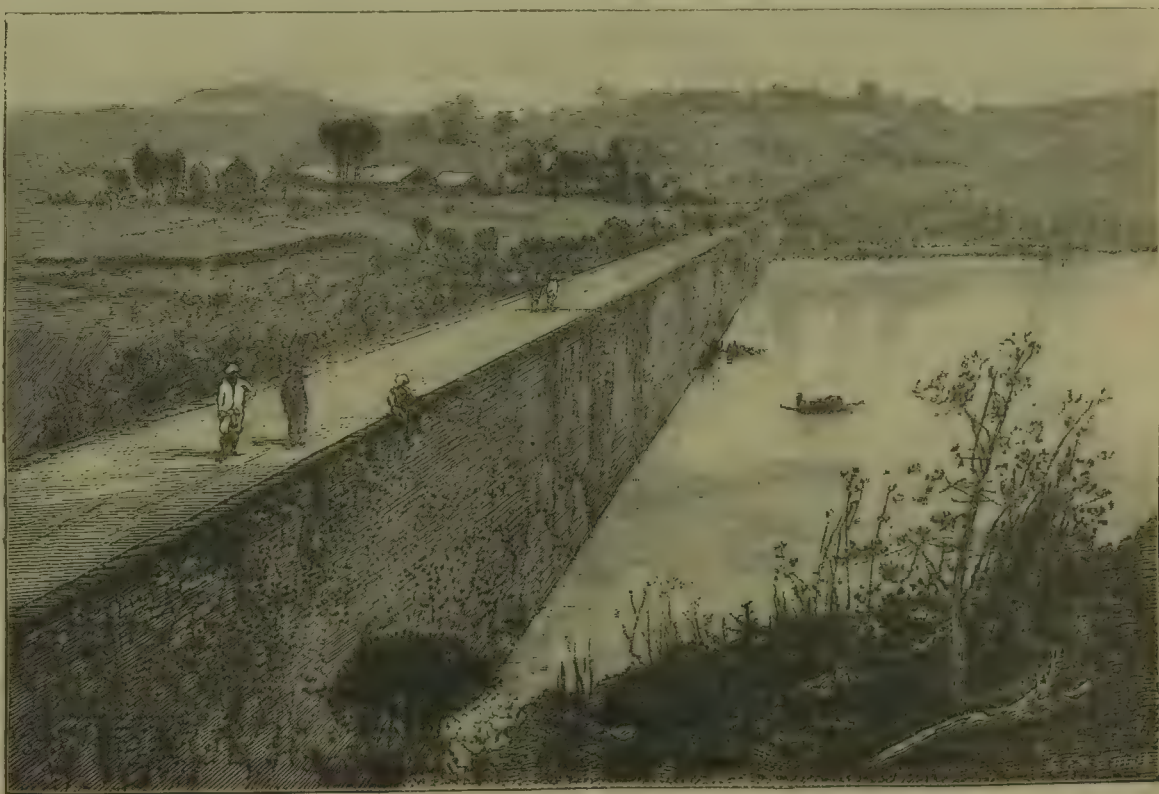
SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I observe that Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., has placed on record the fact that February presented us with a season of extraordinary dryness. Not merely over the London area was this dryness noticeable, but over the entire country the absence of rain was also recorded. Mr. Symons says: "My observations here (London) have been absolutely continuous for more than thirty years, and hitherto the driest February was that of 1863, when 0.31 inch fell. In 1891 we have less than one thirtieth of that: we have only 0.01 inch. And if we examine all the other months of the whole thirty-three years, we find that the driest was May 1885, with 0.26 inch. These two facts sufficiently indicate the exceptional character of the past month at this station. We had one slight sprinkle in the forenoon of Feb. 7, immediately after one of those intense darknesses (arising from high fog) which are becoming so sadly more frequent in this wilderness of chimneys. It had been dark—actually darker than on a clear moonless night. Fine mist began to fall. I put some sheets of notepaper in the garden for the rain to fall upon. The shower, if such it could be called, was over in an hour, and every drop had left its inky mark upon the paper. I enclose a portion that you may have one more proof of the need for drastic measures if London is to be clean enough to live in." It is added that only one English return, that from hills above Ullswater, exceeded 0.10 in. of rainfall. As regards the observation on the fogs and unconsumed coal of London and other great cities, it is clear measures must, sooner or later, be taken to mitigate the smoke nuisance. In Glasgow, where I have spent the Fridays in each week lately, the fogs were as dense as those of London; and one's eyes smarted, as they rarely do in London, on account, I presume, of the sulphurous acid with which the chemical-laden air of Glasgow teems.

A very important discussion is at present being carried on in the medical press regarding the position and prospects of English doctors in Paris. The grievance of these practitioners, briefly detailed, is, that when a Parisian hotel-keeper is asked to send for an English doctor to attend a patient in his hotel, he tacitly neglects the request in respect of nationality, and brings a French physician in place of the English practitioner. It also appears that the Paris chemists ignore the existence of English doctors, who, by the way, require to be duly qualified according to French law, and by passing French examinations, before they may practise in the French capital. The secret of the preference of the hotel-manager for the French physician, whom he sends for in direct opposition to his visitor's request, lies in the fact that the Paris medico is willing or is compelled to pay a percentage on his fees to the hotel-keeper. Such a social enormity as that now exposed, should only require mention to ensure its abolition. I might suggest that the addresses of English and American medical men resident in Paris should be published in a special corner daily in *Galignani*. Indeed, it strikes me that I have noticed a list of such addresses in that journal, and American and English dentists, at least, advertise in its pages. There is an unwritten law among medical men against "advertising," and doubtless this law is approved by the profession. Only we see how the absence of some plain and straightforward business announcement on the part of English doctors in Paris injures their professional prospects.

My late friend Sir John Rose Cormack, M.D., who practised in Paris both before, during, and after the war, (in which his gallant and skilful conduct when in charge of the English Ambulance received the fullest and most deserved recognition from both nations), remarked to me on one occasion that an English doctor in Paris had often to be content with the scraps (in the way of patients) that fell from the tables of the French fraternity. This is not as things should be. Fully recognised by French law as practitioners, our countrymen in Paris should at least be supported by English visitors; and, if any reader of these lines happens to fall ill in Paris, let him (or her) simply insist on an English physician being summoned, if they desire the attendance of a countryman. If a French doctor appears in response to the summons, let him be sent politely to the right-about. British obstinacy in this respect will soon cure the Paris hotel-keeper of his "fad" for substituting French for English medical men. It might be well, if one intends making a prolonged sojourn on the Continent, to secure a list of English physicians, such as any doctor resident here will be able to furnish. The *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal* might oblige by the publication of a list of resident English practitioners in the chief Continental resorts. There could surely be no professional objection to such a course, seeing it would materially assist both the travelling public and the doctors themselves.



BOMBAY WATERWORKS: THE TANSA DAM AND RESERVOIR.



THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: "ARE YOU READY?"

SOME OLD BATTLES OF THE BLUES.

I think that it was Mr. Woodgate who, writing of the origin of the Inter-Varsity Boat-Race, lamented the poverty of memory of deans and bishops. Certain it is that those who delve among records, or take lantern and muck-rake to sift traditions, have not told us very much about the early rise and formation of our great aquatic clubs, and have, in turn, blamed certain amiable but aged ecclesiastics for a lack of memory and a lack of record, while they themselves have in a morbidly sentimental manner posed to cry, Where are the ballads of which Cato spoke? Much has been done, of course, and much about the greater race is known with a certain amount of exactitude; but in the history of what I may call the preliminaries all is vague, speculative, and a matter of mere surmise. If, before the years of the twenties, there were eight-oars at Eton College, and, before that again, six-oars at Westminster, to the disgust of the amiable Dr. Williamson, who complained of the "intemperance and excesses to which such matches led," it is certain that in the earlier part of the year 1829 two men, subsequently to become famous for the vastness of their theological knowledge and the elegance of their writing, met over a cup of tea or something at St. John's College, Cambridge, and proposed the first Varsity race. The men, one an embryo bishop, the other an embryo dean, were Charles Wordsworth, of Christ Church, Oxford, and G. A. Selwyn, of John's, Cambridge; and the result of their chat was the contest of the year 1829, when an eight from Oxford met an eight from Cambridge upon the Henley course on the evening of June 10.

It is a matter of pictorial history that the boats in which these crews contested were cumbersome and unwieldy

it into his head to faint, so that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Then the Oxford men demanded that they should be allowed a substitute, which reasonable request was denied by their opponents, the denial stimulating the Dark Blues, fresh from the labour of putting their stroke to bed, to greater deeds, so that they invited the contest, although deprived of the services of one of their men. With a wise aim they placed their four oars on the lee side, and, a strong wind blowing across the stream, they kept their craft fairly steady, and eventually won by nearly a length.

I should mention, perhaps, that it was in the year 1836 that the Cambridge eight first chose the light blue as the ensign of their power. A pretty tradition says that Mr. R. M. Phillips, of Christ's, was on the raft at Searle's a day or two before the race of that year, when a number of the crew remarked, "We have no colours." Mr. Phillips ran off to Stangate to purchase some ribbon, and an old Etonian who accompanied him advised "Eton ribbon for luck"; so Eton ribbon it was, and the colour has stood to this day. The Oxford eight would seem to have worn the dark blue from the start of their aquatic history, and hence the intense affection for the ribbon—

"darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"

As someone somewhere sings about the sky.

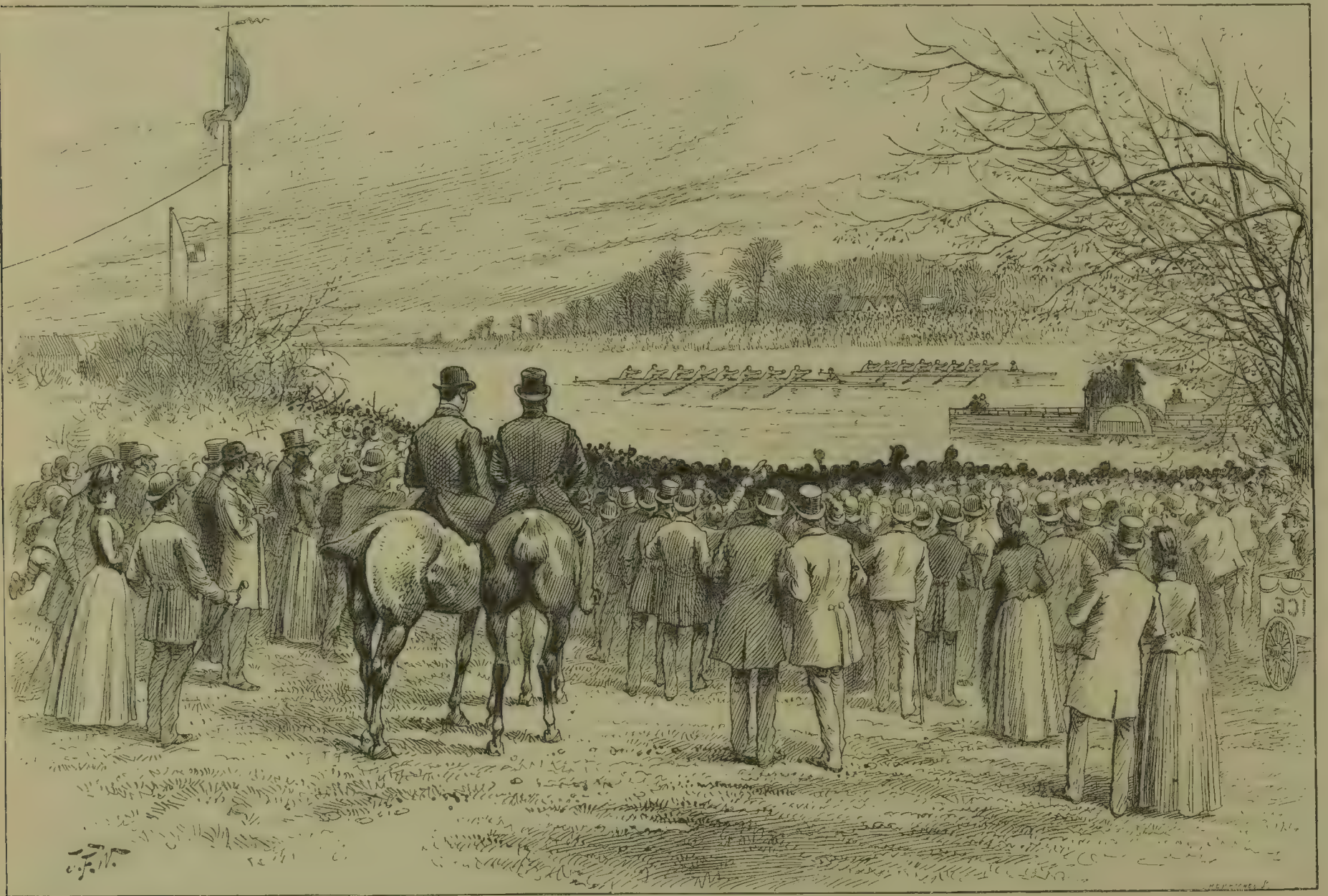
The year 1859 was remarkable in the annals of the battles of the Blues for the fact that, after a ding-dong race, Cambridge sank above Barnes. I have often heard this disaster attributed to the crankiness of the craft, and to the fact that an attempt was made to set the seats too much in a line. Anyhow, the Light Blues were swamped, and for some while ran a risk of losing several of their crew.

After Oxford's long series of victories from the year 1861, what may be styled the worship of the Blues began. An old

The year 1886 was the year in which Mr. Pitman, the Cambridge stroke, worked his miracle above Barnes Bridge. A finer thing has never been seen on the tideway. The Oxford men were two lengths ahead as they reached the railway bridge; their opponents apparently were all to pieces. Of a sudden, Pitman quickened—seven, six—and the others took it up; the two lengths were wiped off before the spectators had realised what was happening. Deafening cheers succeeding the scoring of the *coup*, and, as a gushing sporting paper remarked next day, the Cambridge stroke was the darling of the hour, to which eulogistic comment let me add the prosy remark of an old Blue, who in his peculiar style said to me: "And yet I saw the beggar walking down Piccadilly next day, and looking into the shop windows as though he had just come up from the country, and had never seen a light ship in his life."

Such is aquatic humility.

This year's Varsity race promises to be a most exciting one, to the complete disappointment of sundry prophets who were loud in their denunciation of the Cambridge eight. Nor could one rightly blame them. When the crews arrived at Putney it was seen that Oxford had sent a very fine combination—from a physical point of view, one of the finest combinations ever seen upon the tideway. Cambridge, on the other hand, had a poor lot—light, unfinished, unshapely. While the Dark Blues were already a finished crew, their opponents had no body swing, no evenness of feather—nothing, in fact, but a powerful command of the slide, and pluck. A fortnight's training under the superexcellent coaching of Mr. Muttelbury has, however, entirely altered the aspect of the race. The Light Blues are as good a crew as Cambridge has sent for several years. They row with a rare



THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: JUST AFTER THE START AT PUTNEY.

inrigged gig eights, and that the rowers did not adopt any particular colours, save that some of the Cambridge men wore pink sashes, and some of the Oxford men dark blue. Two embryo bishops, three deans, and one prebendary "got their backs on to it" on that eventful evening; but the Oxford stroke seems to have been the more wary, and, after timing the two straits by the island, he came to the conclusion that the Berks was the better, and he took it and the race at the same time.

Save for a few partisans who drove over with the crews, and for some score of town folks, the first Varsity race would not seem to have drawn any great concourse of spectators. By and-by, when in the year 1831 an Oxford eight met an eight of "London gentlemen"—I quote from *Bell's Life*—a greater enthusiasm appears to have been aroused, for I read that "the London gentlemen rowed to town on Tuesday, and were greeted on their way with cheering and cannon. On arriving at Searle's a feu-de-joie was fired." Save for paltry medals, cannon or their substitute, in the way of striking choral salvos, have ever been the sole reward of those who have indulged in boat-racing. The copy-book maxim, "Honor est premium virtutis" applies well to their recompense. But this not always without protest, for it is rumoured that Mr. T. W. Lewis, of Caius, Cambridge, once translated the motto of his college, "Labor ipse voluptas," by the incomplete rendering "Pleasure is d—d hard work."

From the year 1837 there were regular matches between eights from the two Varsitys, sometimes the scene of the contests being Henley, at other times the stretch of tideway between Westminster and Putney. None of these earlier races were in themselves remarkable or noteworthy, and it is not until we come to the year 1843 that we find anything worth recording. It was in this year that an Oxford eight met a crew from the "Cambridge Rooms," and rowed a very remarkable contest over the Henley course. There seem to have been several heats, during the last of which the Oxford stroke took

Blue was telling me the other day that, when he rowed early in the seventies, the fever was perhaps at its very height. He had regularly every morning to fight his way to the boat-house, and a company of policemen usually guarded the approach to the Leander or the London. It is no matter of wonder that young oarsmen were nervous in those days, or that the presence of an old hand like "Tom" Hockin, of Jesus, did wonders *pour encourager les autres*. It is said, by-the-by, of this same Tom Hockin, that on the morning of one race, just as the men were stripping at the wherries, and when seven of the Cambridge eight were white as the homely sheet, the sonorous voice of the Jesus man was heard to bawl, "Bill, you lazy beggar, where the devil is the — oil?" which piece of questionable language, being heard far and near, set the crew in a merry mood, and dispelled their nervousness.

Later years in the history of the great contest have produced rumours of its lack of popularity and a plenitude of wonderful strokes. The two seem to go together—West of Christ Church, and Pitman of Trinity. The whole records do not contain greater names with which to conjure. Mr. West was probably one of the soundest strokes that the Dark Blues ever possessed. He differed in opinion with the authorities of his first college on some question of social jurisprudence, I believe, so that he was recommended to get him gone, but, when the time for the Inter-Varsity contest drew near, he was indispensable, and the U.B.C. got him up at a Hall and so secured him. That was the race of 1883—a race that Mr. Moore, the President of the C.U.B.C., looked on as his own. Indeed, he remarked gaily to Mr. West, on the evening preceding the race, "I think that we have you on toast this time." To which tradition says that Mr. West replied, "Very well, Moore, very well; but mind that it is not buttered, and that we don't slip off," which humour proved a prophecy, for so sharply did the Dark Blues "slip off" at the start that they had gained three lengths while Cambridge were thinking about it, and were never subsequently caught.

dash, they have cultivated a fine body swing, and have proved in many a trial that they can last. They have tremendously powerful opponents to meet, it is true; but all who have watched their practice on the Thames agree that they will make a fine race of it, and that the contest of 1891 should, in every way, be a remarkable one. I will conclude this little notice with a list of the crews—

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
W. M. Poole, Magdalen (bow)	st. 10 8	J. W. Noble, Caius (bow)	st. 11 6½
R. P. P. Rowe, Magdalen	11 10½	E. W. Lord, Trinity Hall	10 12
G. Nickalls, Magdalen	12 8	G. Francislyn, Third Trinity	12 3½
G. Nickalls, Magdalen	12 7	E. T. Fison, Corpus	12 10½
F. Wilkinson, Brasenose	13 11	W. Landale, Trinity Hall	12 11½
Lord Amphil, New	13 7	J. F. Rowlett, Trinity Hall	12 1½
W. A. L. Fletcher, Christ Ch.	13 3	C. T. Fogg-Elliott, Trinity Hall	11 1
C. W. Kent, Brasenose (stroke)	10 10	G. Elin, Third Trin. (stroke)	11 0
J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, New (cox)	8 11	J. V. Braddon, Trin. II. (cox)	8 2

M. P.

"Architectural Examples in Brick, Stone, Wood, and Iron" is the title of a volume, published by Messrs. E. and F. N. Spon, which seems calculated to be useful both to professional students and to those engaged in the design, arrangement, construction, or ornament of buildings. The author, Mr. W. Fullerton, architect, instead of writing a didactic treatise, has prepared a large collection of drawings, which occupy two hundred quarto pages, of plans and elevations of various buildings, and details of work, constructive and decorative, such as different styles and forms of roofs, doors and windows, porches, towers and spires, flying buttresses, and chimneys, ornamental mouldings, foliage, stained-glass designs, and other details, all drawn to scale, with the dimensions given, and with particulars of the materials used. Explanatory and descriptive notes, with references to the plates, fill some thirty pages, and there is a copious index. The examples are selected from actual buildings of the present and former times.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Hobbes has found the cause of laughter in a sudden sense of triumph. If Hobbes is right, practical jokes must really be survivals of the most primitive jests. The amusing author of "Old New Zealand" describes two classes of jape among the Maoris, both early, but one more advanced than the other, and both arising from a sudden feeling of superiority. The joke in the former and earlier manner is to shoot at a man and make him skip. This is a purely practical joke. In the more advanced and refined sort, the natives laugh when a white man unknowingly sins against some taboo sanctioned by their customs. This is enormously funny. The Maori's sense of superiority is aroused, and he has an additional pleasure because the person over whom he triumphs has erred of his own free will, has brought it on himself.

We might trace these principles through many modern and civilised kinds of fun, though, among moderns, they appeal to the more backward minds—to schoolboys, schoolgirls, and middle-aged members of fast and fashionable "sets." All these are still in the savage state, as far as humour goes. Indeed, we all are, or why do we laugh at the sufferings of policemen and babies in pantomimes, at the frantic perplexity of the Magistrate in the play of that name, at the sorrows of M. de Pourceaugnac, with the doctors behind him? These are all practical jokes, but, on the stage, they are "a degree further from reality," as Plato says, and so, instead of sympathising, we laugh. Were we a degree nearer savagery, our sense of triumph would make us laugh at unexpected misfortunes in real life. Indeed we do now sometimes. I remember entering a saloon carriage which was not lighted, at I forget what station. I took my seat, being aware that in front of me was no seat, as in ordinary carriages, but an open space of some extent. In came an old gentleman, and before I could warn him he sat down opposite me, on empty air. With one wild cry he revealed his apprehension that, somehow, the world was over for him, and that the abyss, which Pascal saw ever at his side, had opened. It was over in a moment; he was not hurt. Yet his anguish while obeying the laws of gravitation was unfeigned, and I laughed within myself at the time, and laugh now when I think of it. What was there to laugh at? Clearly nothing but one's sense of superiority in not falling on the floor, and in being in the secret of what was so mysterious to the old gentleman.

This was, in one way, a practical joke. But, to make it a true practical joke, I should have removed the old gentleman's seat myself. This is a favourite humourism at school. I have never known little boys play it upon big boys, but always the reverse. You jerk a person's chair from beneath, he is often a good deal, and I fancy he might be dangerously hurt. This witicism never appealed to me, even at school, because the jester too plainly created his own humorous circumstances. It is worse than leading up to a pun. A joke should be spontaneous, and arise out of the nature of things or ideas. This a practical joke seldom does. You have to force the note. Yet one has known a practical joke, in a single instance, to succeed better for the application of force than it could have done if left to itself. We all know the booby trap: in the realm of practical jokes it is one of the most familiar forms of speech. Sheridan used it when he induced Tickell to pursue him "into an ambuscade of crockery," carefully prepared in a dark passage." As a rule, something hard and heavy is popped on the top of a half-open door. The victim enters, and gets the Liddell and Scott, or the ewer of water, or the coal-scuttle on his head. In the days of my youth there was a lad for whom a nightly booby trap was set. At last—for he was not a clever boy—he became wily, and, looking up at the top of the half-opened door of his room, he was heard to laugh. He had seen the booby trap! But he who set the trap was following his steps in the dusk, and, neatly judging his time, sent the youth spinning into his own room in receipt of the usual drenching from the trap. This was a highly successful practical joke, because the victim was just laughing over his sense of triumph on the discovery of the trap, when his joy was turned to mourning, and the other man's victory had a double zest. Certainly, the more we think of it, the more Hobbes's definition of the cause of mirth seems correct. When St. Augustine stole the celebrated pears, he committed the offence which, of all his other sins, he repented most bitterly. Now, St. Augustine had been very gay, and a member of the Hell Fire Club of his time in Carthage. He had plenty of sins to repent of, but the theft of the pears vexed him most. It was such an objectless crime. He did not care for pears; he scarcely tasted the pears. His motive, as he explains with tears, was the idea that the owner of the pears would look silly next morning. The joke was the superiority of knowing all about it a few hours before the bereaved proprietor. No doubt there is a pleasure in this kind of foreknowledge. It once befell me, looking out of window on a very windy day, to see the chimney of a house blown off, what time the owner of the house was walking unconscious within my view. It was very pleasant to watch him till he came within view of "the white walls of his home," and see him start when there was no sign of his chimney. But the fun would have been gone if I had removed the chimney by my own art and device. Practical jokes, once we are out of the savage stage, are only amusing when Nature Aristophanises. There is a practical joke in Lord Tennyson's "Cup" which made me laugh wildly when Mr. Irving acted the hero of that lugubrious piece. Mr. Irving is a wicked Roman general, or pro-consul, who is carrying on his evil games in Cilicia, or Bactria, or some such place. Somebody gives Mr. Irving a well-deserved "cup of cold poison" in a draught of wine. The audience, of course, is in the secret. Presently the "cold poison" begins obviously to disagree with Mr. Irving: he exhibits the familiar symptoms of violent indigestion. This is not comic in itself, but where one could not but smile was the point where Mr. Irving said, "I had a touch of this last year in Rome." One laughed because of that sudden sense of triumph in superior information. Mr. Irving had not had a touch of this last year, in Rome, or anywhere else. It was quite a new patent little Cilician or Bactrian or Mesopotamian dose of poison that caused his discomfort, which ended, after "a brief but tumultuous interval," in his decease, much respected in the province. This, then, in a somewhat tedious performance, got a laugh: but only a very callous person would have laughed at Mr. Irving's remark, if he had administered the poison himself. I think it was a lady who brewed the liquor for him; but she never smiled on the stage: to be sure,

she had taken her share, and had other things to think of. But the truth remains that practical jokes should come by nature and accident, as they will often enough. For example, one occurred a year or two ago on Tweed. You are fishing on one side of the water, a hated rival is wading opposite on the other side. You hook a salmon; it runs between the other man's legs, and upsets him in deep water. This is capital. Your own superiority, as you have a fish on, while he has none, and you are dry while he is ducked, is a sublime superiority. But there would be no fun in simply pushing the other man into the water; no fun, that is, for a refined and truly exquisite humourist. The ordinary practical joke is confined to doing noisome things with people's beds and furniture, putting water in their boots, brushes in their beds, and the other inanities of the schoolroom and the modern kind of rich fashionable boulder. A great deal of the savage, however, has survived in some wits, and Sheridan, Lamb, Hooke, and Sothorn were all capable of practical jokes.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

L DESANGES (Rome).—Your problem admits of the following second solution: 1. Q to Kt 5th (ch), Kt takes Q; 2. P takes Kt; 3. B takes P, mate.

W BIDDLE.—Your problem is defective in the following variations: after 1. K to Q 3rd, White can continue with 2. Q to Kt 6th (ch); and after 1. K to B 5th, 2. K to B 5th is fatal.

FIDELITAS (Edinburgh).—If Black play 1. R to B 4th, we see no mate in two more moves.

P H WILLIAMS.—No. 2 is marked for insertion.

E B SCHWANN.—Your problem in three is sound and good, and shall appear shortly. SHADFORTH.—Much obliged; the enclosure is most acceptable.

P W WOOD.—Neither problem can be solved as you propose.

J B.—We have addressed a letter to you through the post.

MARTIN F.—There is a second solution to your problem. The moves can be transposed.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2438 and 2439 received from O H B (Barkly East, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2441 from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur, U.S.A.); of No. 2442 from Dr Sastry; of No. 2443 from E C Bliss (Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 2445 from James Clark (Chester) and F L Smith; of No. 2447 from W Hanrahan (Rush), J D Tucker (Leeds), W Miller (Cork), E Edwards (Bognor), Purefoy Poe (Meath), L Schlu (Vienna), W S Wilson (Sizewell); Sorrento (Bavlish), S Parry, Emil Frau (Lyons), Nigel, F Warham, C A Plaister (Swindon), Captain J A Challice, Arthur Church, Cheshuntensis, and Fidelitas.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2448 received from J D Tucker (Leeds), D McCoy (Galway), Swynoh (Liverpool), R H Brooks, B D Knox, W H Reed (Liverpool), Blair H Goehne, Emil Frau, J Coad, Martin F, Julia Short (Exeter), Dr Walz (Heidelberg), P Vallancy, S H Morse (Shanklin), Dr F St. Thomas Clowen, W David (Cardiff), E D War, F Warham, T Roberts, John G Grant (Edin.), R Worters (Canterbury), A Newman, W T Hurley (Rochester), N Harris, W R Raitlen, H B Hartford, Odham Cuh, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2446.—By B. G. LAWS.

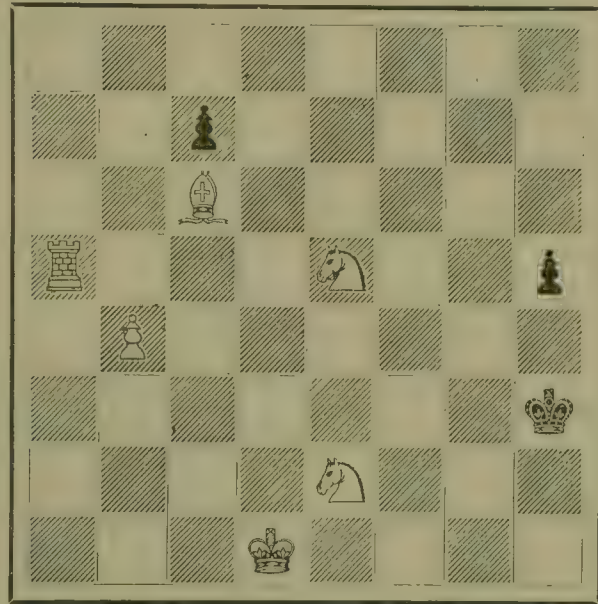
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 4th R takes B P
2. Kt to B 5th (dis ch) K takes Kt
3. P to K 4th. Mate.

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to K 2nd (ch); if 1. B takes Kt, 2. Q takes B (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to B 2nd (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2450.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following is the seventh game in the match between Messrs. MULLER and TINSLEY.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	Immense service presently, if it is not	indeed at once fatal to White's game.
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. Q to Q sq	Q takes Kt P
3. P takes P	P takes P	17. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	This capture, which at first sight	seems absurd in comparison with B takes
5. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	B, is the result of a masterly analysis,	and will be found perfectly correct. It
6. Castles	Castles	is doubtful now whether White had	better not retire his R to K sq.
7. B to K Kt 5th	B to K Kt 5th	18. R takes P	B to K 6th
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	Apparently winning the game against	any defence. If R to R sq, Black plays
9. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	B to B 7th, and probably wins either R	or Q. The ending needs no further com-
10. Q R to B sq	R to K sq	ment; White simply falls to pieces. The	game is one of real interest, and has been
11. R to K sq	Q to Kt 3rd	beautifully concluded by Black.	
12. Q to B 2nd	P to B 5th	19. R to Kt sq	B takes R
13. B to B sq		20. Kt takes B	Q to B 8th
14. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt	21. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to R sq
		22. Q to R 4th	B to B sq
		23. Kt to Q 2nd	Q takes Kt
		24. R to K R 5th	P to K R 3rd
		25. P to K B 4th	R to K 3rd

An admirable move, which becomes of

The tournament for the championship of the City of London Chess Club has entered upon a new phase. Mr. Loman, chess champion of Holland, and Mr. Moriau, a strong representative of France, are now leading with scores of three out of a possible three each, and Mr. Eckenstein, the champion for the past year, who made a bad start, and was reported to have retired, has decided to fight on, and will yet have to be reckoned with by the leaders. Mr. Mocatta has won two and a half games; Messrs. Block, Manlove, Cutler, and Curnock, two each; Mr. Woon and Mr. Owen Jones, one and a half each; and Messrs. Hooke, Ingoldsby, and Gibbons, one each.

We have received from Mr. Mortimer a copy of the seventh edition of his "Chess-player's Pocket Book." This little summary of the openings has been revised and brought up to date, and its merits well deserve the favourable reception the public has evidently given to an unpretentious but excellent piece of work.

Crimbs from the Chess Board. By Charles A. Gilberg. (New York).—This is a selection of 200 problems from the compositions of Mr. Gilberg, at once one of the most prolific and most ingenious composers America has produced. To say that, both in regard to the quality of its contents and the manner of its general get-up, it is one of the best collections ever published is but to do it justice; to praise it would require more superlatives than are allowed in a critical notice. The only fault we have to find is that the positions are so few, and from the absence of a publisher's name we are unable to tell our readers where to secure for themselves a volume which has all the enduring virtues of a thing of beauty.

MUSIC.

The Royal Choral Society gave a remarkably fine performance of "St. Paul" on March 11, and, had the weather been at all favourable, it would doubtless have been listened to by a larger assemblage than that which gathered in the Albert Hall for the occasion. The choruses were superbly sung, not a single number offering a loophole for adverse criticism. Whether realising the serene beauty of "Happy and blest are they," or the massive grandeur of "O, great is the depth," the choir came equally near to attaining the highest pitch of perfection. Concerning the solos we may also speak with unreserved praise. Madame Nordica gave the soprano airs and recitatives with faultless purity of voice and style, and was called upon to repeat the solo in the second part, "I will sing of Thy great mercies, O Lord." Madame Belle Cole did full justice to the contralto air "But the Lord is mindful of his own." Mr. Ben Davies proved worthy of the task entrusted him by a vigorous and dramatic rendering of the tenor music, his efforts meeting with especially warm applause. Mr. Watkin Mills was, as usual, reliable and excellent in the part of the Apostle. Mr. Barnby conducted, this being his last appearance in that capacity for the present, as he has left London to take a six-weeks holiday in the south of France. The performances of the "Messiah" and "Mors et Vita" to be given at the Albert Hall in the meanwhile will be directed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

Mdlle. Janotha gave an evening concert at St. James's Hall on Friday, March 13, with the co-operation of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society and several well-known artists. The concert derived its chief interest from the first performance in public of a cycle of songs composed by Lady Tennyson, set to words selected from various published and unpublished pieces from the pen of the Poet Laureate. These songs are arranged by Mdlle. Janotha, and the pianoforte accompaniments, which are of a somewhat difficult and intricate character, were all played by the fair Danish artist herself. The melodies are comparatively simple; they seem to have sprung spontaneously from the poetic idea, and, however complex their harmonic treatment, they rarely fail to express in a more or less truthful measure the sentiment conveyed by the words. A certain vagueness of form is apparent in most of the songs, which makes them a trifle difficult to thoroughly grasp and appreciate on a single hearing. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to avow a preference for the two sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot, entitled respectively "To sleep" and "Airy, fairy Lilian" (encored), next to which we liked best "Home they brought him," one of three sung by Mr. Bispham, a new American baritone. Before expressing an opinion upon the two sung by Madame Swiatlowsky, it might be well to hear them again. Besides the artists named, Miss Liza Lehmann and Signor Piatti took part in the concert.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The present exhibition will scarcely add to the renown of the Institute, or justify its separation from the older Society. Presumably at the root of that schism was a difference in aim and method among the older and younger painters of the day. If this were so, we should expect to see each year some distinctive note, by which the "Institute" desires its work to be known from that of the "Society." Throughout the present exhibition there is scarcely a single work which shows—successfully, at least—the revolt of the new against the older and classical style of water-colour painting.

The president, Sir James D. Linton, is in many respects superior to all the figure-painters of the old society, but he only shows greater skill within the limits by which they are bound. His three contributions to the present exhibition are marvellously correct in drawing, rich and soft in colour, and pleasing in result. Miss Marjorie, in a red-velvet frock, lolling in a brighter red chair; Miss Agnes Ashbee in green cloth, and Mrs. Langham in brown, are doubtless as good likenesses as they are good pictures, for in rendering the texture of materials of all sorts Sir James Linton is unsurpassed among water-colour painters of the day. Beyond this, our admiration is not invited—and we make bold to say that beyond this the artist is unable to lead us. The veteran, Mr. H. G. Hine, is represented by a single landscape—"On the Malling Hills"—an almost perfect study of the Sussex Downs, the upper sweep bathed in a rich sunset light, and the lower just obscured by a rich twilight. There is no suggestion of failing powers in this really grand work, and one can scarcely realise that the artist is now in his seventy-sixth year. Nevertheless, the treatment of graduated light is only the development of Copley Fielding's method, and it is by its execution rather than by the creation that it appeals so strongly to our admiration.

Passing from these to the rank and file of the exhibitors, we are forced to the conviction that commonplace exercises a very powerful influence over the members of the Institute themselves, and over the selection they make from outsiders' work. Mr. Joseph Knight, perhaps, gives evidence of the greatest effort to free himself from his tendency to paint everything brown—and, of the half-dozen pictures he contributes, "A Mountain Pasture" is bright in colour and free in its treatment of Welsh scenery, and in "Lingering Mist" he deals, not without success, with even greater difficulties. He has, however, neither the refinement nor the boldness which Mr. Jackson Curnock displays in his two very remarkable Welsh pictures, "Carnedd Davydd" and the "Idwal Stream," spots of majestic beauty, of which the spirit is admirably caught. In a totally different spirit Mr. Edwin Ball reveals to us the "Heart of France" and the "Plain of Nemours," in both of which the suffused heat and transparent atmosphere are dealt with artistically as well as naturally. Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Footpath to Laon" reveals fresh qualities in an artist who hitherto has done little in the open air. Mr. Joseph Nash's "Too Late" is a wonderful bit of blue—so bright as to kill every other picture in its neighbourhood—and it is very nearly being a success. The story is, however, not very clear. An empty boat, with a shawl tied to the only remaining oar as a signal of distress, is being approached by another boat, put off from a ship in the distance, but we are left in doubt as to what has become of the former occupants of the derelict craft, which, by the way, is making headway, although it hangs heavily on the moving sea. Mr. Alfred East has found in the recent winter subjects near at hand—in Haverstock Hill and St. John's Wood—and he has given an effective representation of those suburbs of London during the snow. Mr. East is not afraid of introducing objects not generally regarded as decorative, such as the omnibus, the mail-cart, and the cabman's shelter; but the medium of fog and reflected light from the snow-covered roadway gives them a picturesque quality, for which he deserves great credit. Mr. John Fulleylove's treatment of Ely Cathedral conceals the extraordinary length of the nave; but in other respects it does ample justice to that building, which seems now so out of keeping with the sleepy, shrunken town over which it watches. His method is strongly in contrast with the grey treatment of Notre Dame at Paris by M. Jules Lessorre, a French artist who has taken up his abode in this country, and has lost much of the

peculiarities of his earlier style. He has in this picture allowed himself some poetical latitude, with obvious advantage to his subject; but he might take more than one useful hint from Mr. Harry Hine, whose study of "York Minster," bathed in rich sunshine, is a grand tribute to one of our most splendid cathedrals. Among Mr. H. Hine's other works, which always show some merit, may be mentioned his studies of colleges at Cambridge, and a very fine study of the "Peaks of the Isle of Rum," magnificent precipices round whose summit the clouds float like veils of gossamer. Close by this last hangs Mr. J. W. Whymper's "Ben Sleoch," one of the finest peaks which tower above Loch Maree; of which the effect, even more than the features, has been admirably seized by the artist.

Among the other landscapes to which on the present occasion our remarks are confined we may notice those of Mr. James Orrock, too often marred by the heaviness of the clouds—as, for instance, in the view of "Kedgworth Lock"—the cleverly painted and effective "Via Crucis" at Frome, by Mr. Startin Pilleau, revealing a bit of English devotional life of which most people are wholly ignorant; Mr. William Weatherhead's "Leisure Moments," full of light and delicate touches; Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "Reed-Cutting," a marshland scene, full of wind and presage of rain; and his "Fir Trees at Alborough," cold and shivering in chill October; Mr. A. W. Weedon's "Wild Nature," in which the stones and rocks, wet with the brawling torrent, are skilfully treated; Mr. C. E. Hern's "Study of St. Paul's on a Summer's Night"; Mr. Aumonier's "Sussex Lane," with plenty of atmosphere; Mr. Egerton Hine's "Season of Mists," in which the distant hillside is poetically treated; Mr. Edwin Hayes's "Grantown Harbour"; and several small pictures by Mr. F. G. Cotman, Mr. Yeend King, and others.

Figure-subjects do not occupy the attention of the members of the Institute so much as landscapes; but there are several of the former which call for notice, and to which we propose to return on a future occasion.



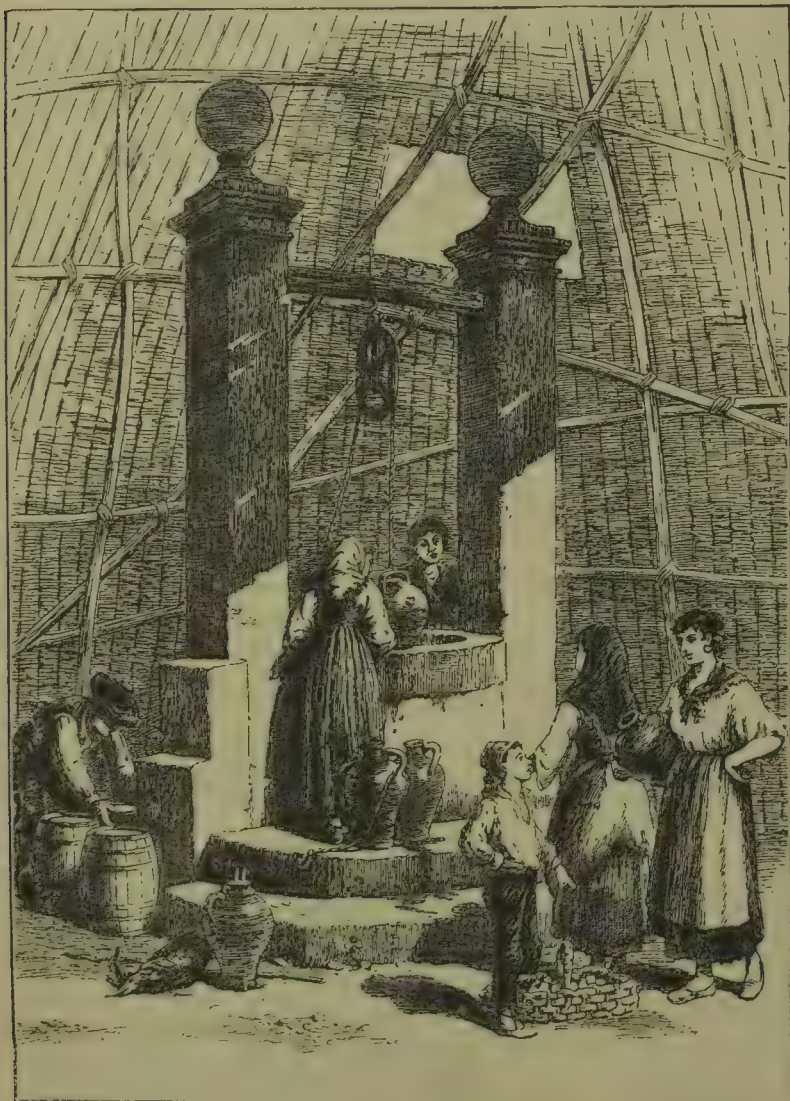
"HER PORTRAIT."—J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.



"THE WEDDING DRESS."—G. G. KILBURNE, R.I.



"TURNING THE TABLES."—GORDON BROWNE.



"AT A WELL, SPAIN."—T. R. MACQUOID, R.I.



"MISS MARJORIE."—SIR J. D. LINTON, P.R.I.



SCENE FROM "IVANHOE," AT THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA: REBECCA DEFIES THE TEMPLAR.

SIBERIA IN WINTER: KRASNOIARSK.

By our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

If asked which place I should prefer, Krasnoiarsk or London, to pass the winter in, I should, without hesitation, give the preference to this picturesque Siberian town, with its bright blue sky and exhilarating atmosphere, its gay and interesting society, and many festivities during the Christmas season. I do not think there was ever a country less known or more maligned than Siberia. I find this more and more every day,

through the darkness of the night, when I was lulled gradually to sleep by the continuous jingle of the "duga" bells. But it was winter in Siberia, and I think I never felt such cold in my life as I did on the road from Yeniseisk. If one's face was exposed to the wind for only a few seconds, one's eyes and nostrils were frozen together, and one's moustache became coated with thick ice. The horses, also, were so covered with white frost that their colour was absolutely unrecognisable. I found from my thermometer that the cold averaged each day no less than 35 deg. below zero (Réaumur)!



SAMOYEDE BOATMEN.

but I formed that opinion from the time I landed, in last October, after my voyage in the Arctic Sea; and I have not yet had occasion to alter it, nor am I likely to do so.

In a former letter I endeavoured to give you a description of Yeniseisk, the first Siberian town of any importance I had then reached, and where I managed to spend five of the pleasantest weeks imaginable among some of the most hospitable people I ever had the good fortune to meet. When I am far away, Yeniseisk will long remain graven on my memory, not only on account of its being the long-looked-for goal of the most eventful voyage I ever made in my life, but also as recalling many delightful hours and novel experiences.

The journey by sledge from Yeniseisk to Krasnoiarsk, a distance of 331 versts, if one travels day and night, takes forty-eight hours; this, of course, means hard going the whole time, but, as the various post-houses on the road offer but little inducement for the traveller to prolong his stay in them longer than is absolutely necessary, there is no temptation to loiter on the way. I had been strongly advised to buy my own sledge, and not trust to the ramshackle conveyances which could be hired at the different stations, so I determined to go by the advice of people who knew what Siberian travelling meant, and, with the assistance of a kind friend, was fortunate in picking up a sledge in excellent condition wonderfully cheap. All complete it cost me only fifty-two roubles, or about £6 15s.—such a bargain was it that I shall doubtless be able to sell it again at the same price anywhere.

I was soon initiated into the mode of travelling by sledge here. I learnt that horses (the usual number is a "troika," or three) were to be got at each post-house, the cost being three kopeks per horse per verst (rather under a penny for two thirds of a mile), plus ten kopeks "progon," or government tax, per station. The yemshik, or driver, changes with each relay, and is included in the charges, but he naturally expects a small gratuity for himself. Although this is not obligatory, it is a usual custom to give sixpence or so, according to the length of the stage and how one was driven. The "padarojna," or Government permit, authorising the traveller to have the necessary horses, is a thing of the past, to all intents and purposes. Of course, there is nothing against the traveller wasting his money on one, if he so wishes, but he will find it a nuisance rather than otherwise. A good tip to your last driver goes a long way further towards helping one than all the Government padarojnas, in my humble opinion. I have travelled right across Siberia without one, and had not the slightest difficulty in getting horses anywhere, and in no case was the delay longer than was necessary to get ready a cup of tea or bouillon fleet to keep out the cold; but, of course, I was exceptionally fortunate in having had the advice of experienced friends before starting on my journey, and all went as merrily as a wedding-bell, although I only know but the merest smattering of the Russian language. The distances between the different stations never exceeded twenty-five versts (about sixteen miles), and this generally took a little over two hours to do, so it may be remarked the pace was not slow. The post-station, I am informed, is usually the best house in the village (which is not always saying much), the owner being paid a certain sum yearly for the use of his largest room, which he always has to keep ready for travellers, and if necessary, for a small fee, to supply the inevitable samovar. Refreshments, also, he in most cases undertakes to provide; but, as a general rule, the meal only consists of black bread, milk, and frozen eggs, so the hungry traveller who is at all fastidious does well to provide himself beforehand with all his gastronomical necessities. Of course, I am now speaking of travelling on the route from Yeniseisk to Krasnoiarsk, and not the "Great Post Road," which I shall have future occasion to describe. I found these houses, in most cases, clean and comfortably furnished, but always heated to such a degree as to render them almost unbearable; so stifling, as a rule, was the atmosphere that it was generally like walking into a badly ventilated Turkish bath. I never stayed a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, and was always glad to get back again into my comfortable sledge.

The road was in exceptionally good condition for sledging; for the greater part of the way it was like travelling on a velvet-pile carpet. I never saw deeper snow anywhere, the horses at times being absolutely buried up to their withers in it, while the trees on either side of us were simply bent down with the weight of their fleecy pall. The scenery was at times very beautiful, having almost the appearance of an English park, and altogether very different to what I expected to find in the wilds of Siberia. Taking it all in all, I found sledging a very pleasant way of travelling, if it was on a good road; and I could repose, snugly tucked up in my furs, as we dashed on

On reaching Krasnoiarsk, I was much surprised, and of course pleased, to find quite a decent hotel, where I was accommodated with a couple of really comfortable rooms well furnished, on fairly moderate terms. They would, I fancy, have been considered good anywhere; and when I add that they were fitted with electric bells, that there were sheets and bedding to the bed, and that I had a real "tub" every morning, you will understand that it seemed like getting back to civilisation, with the ordinary "comforts" of everyday life once more. Krasnoiarsk is decidedly a picturesque town; and, if it be so in winter, it must be doubly pleasant in summer. Situated on one of the most beautiful portions of the river Yenisei, in the centre of an amphitheatre of high hills, every street has a sort of background of its own, so to speak, and the effect is very pleasing. It is, of course, a much more important place than Yeniseisk, being considerably larger, and is more advanced in every respect. I was struck with this on the night of my arrival, by the appearance and length of the lamp-lit streets we had to drive through before reaching the hotel. The town was busy enough next morning, for it was market-day, and the traffic in the streets abutting on the market-place was so great that it required the services of several

Cossacks, placed at different points for the purpose, to control it; and they had their work cut out for them, for there is evidently no rule of the road here, to all outward appearance, and sledges of all sorts and sizes were dashing about in every direction in the most reckless fashion. The Bolskoi Oulitsa, or High Street, presents a very animated appearance on a fine afternoon, and, if the weather be not too cold, one sees many pretty faces and smart equipages. Krasnoiarsk, owing to its sheltered position, is not so cold as Yeniseisk, the average here during the winter months being only 15 deg. below zero (Réaumur). Every afternoon there is quite a crowd of skaters in the fine public gardens, and the scene is a very picturesque one, for there are usually many officers on the ice, their striking uniforms harmonising well with the furs of the fair sex.

[Our Artist has furnished a sketch of sledge-travelling on the road from Yeniseisk to Krasnoiarsk. The other Siberian illustrations presented this week are those of the Governor visiting the women's prison for criminal convicts, at Yeniseisk, one of those establishments described last week; and two of the Samoyede river boats on the Lower Yenisei, seen by our Artist in his voyage up that river from the north coast.]

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is matter of congratulation that the letters of Canon Liddon are to be collected and published. Dr. Liddon was the most conscientious of correspondents; indeed, he wore himself out in patient, careful answers to questions, often serious, but also often trivial and impertinent. He read carefully the many books forwarded to him by their authors, and, when it was possible to praise them, wrote long and cordial letters in that beautiful handwriting of his—the finest I have ever seen, with the exception of Dora Greenwell's.

Dean Church's volume on the Oxford Movement contains less personal matter than might have been expected, but what we have is very interesting. No such appreciative sketch of Hurrell Froude has ever been written—"the young Achilles, with his high courage, and noble form and eagle eye, made for such great things, but appointed so soon to die." Of Isaac Williams, the Welsh High Churchman, we have some particulars from a manuscript memoir, but they add very little to our knowledge of an original and beautiful personality. On Charles Marriott, as might be expected, Dr. Church dwells very affectionately, and he quotes from a squib of the time which noticed and commemorated Marriott's unique position as *vir pietate gravis*—

Ο Γ' Ιλαθ'η Μαρίωτα φιλάτατον' Ωρηόχον

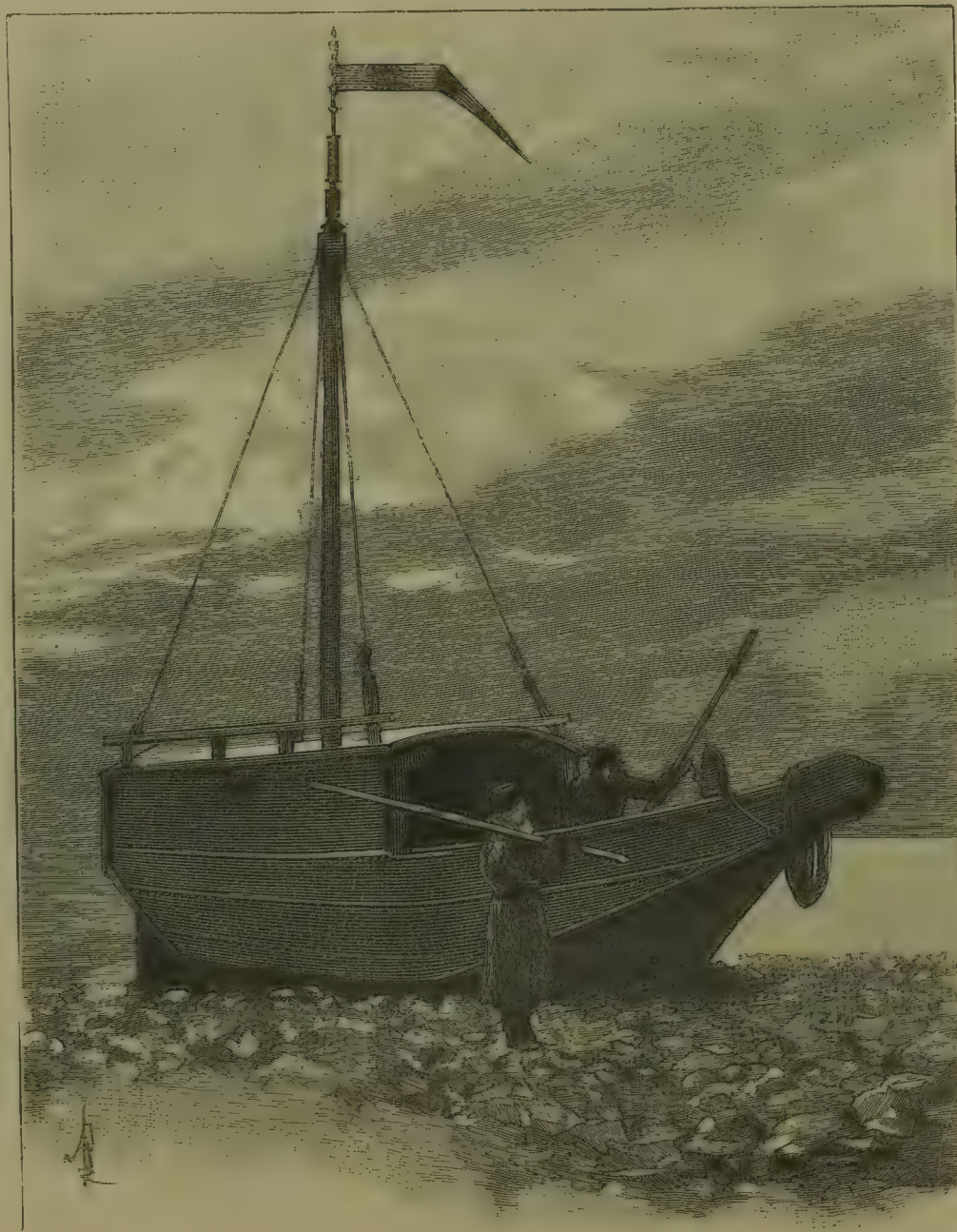
"Ηλθε μέγα γρόνον Μασίχοις καὶ πῦρ ἀγαπήτος
Καὶ σμείλων, προσέφη πάντα κείνους ἱπείσιν.

Frederick Faber is described "a man with a high gift of imagination, remarkable powers of assimilating knowledge, and a great richness and novelty and elegance of thought, which, with much melody of voice, made him ultimately a very attractive preacher. If the promise of his powers has not been adequately fulfilled, it is partly to be traced to a want or scarcity of taste and self-restraint, but his name will live in some of his hymns and in some very beautiful portions of his devotional writings." Almost the only person of whom the Dean allows himself to speak with severity is W. G. Ward. It is not that he does him injustice; he is even laboriously anxious to bring out his good parts; but he cannot forgive him for the manner in which he worried Newman, and, as he evidently thinks, drove him into the Church of Rome.

It is hoped that the Mackonochie Memorial Chapel will be completed by St. Alban's Day. The recumbent figure of Father Mackonochie will cost £250.

The new edition of Webster's Dictionary absurdly explains the name "Silent Sister" given to Trinity College, Dublin, as referring to its want of representation in Parliament. As a matter of fact, Trinity College has been represented in Parliament since the reign of James I., and the reference is to a time (happily not the present) when Trinity College does published nothing.

The Rev. James Wells of Glasgow, who is enjoying an Eastern furlough, had among his fellow-passengers to Cairo Dr. Koch, whom he thus describes: "He does not look like a German. I have often seen at home such a figure and face as his—without the spectacles. It is thin and pale, and looks younger than he is. He is forty-seven years old, and I heard him say that he is a grandfather. Now that his sea-sickness is over, he is very genial, fond of conversation, and has a fine gift of hearty laughter. His enormous industry has not made him incapable of rest. He reads books too, and makes notes on the margin. He has not one particle of affectation. Simplicity is the proper seal of true greatness and of the genuine student. The captain consulted him about his health, and he very patiently entered into all the details of the case." V.



A SAMOYEDE'S BOAT.



PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA: THE GOVERNOR VISITING THE WOMEN'S PRISON AT YENISEISK.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

True Queen's weather beautified town for the second Drawing-Room on March 13. Crowds of people turned out into St. James's Park to see the carriages, and remained patiently standing for two hours later in hopes of catching a glimpse of her Majesty driving forth after leaving the presence-chamber. It was past four when I drove through the park on my way to certain "train teas," and, though the carriages had been emptied then for over an hour, still there were some thousands of devoted subjects and sightseers patiently standing. They are not poor people, the majority of these gazers on a Drawing-Room day; nor are they by any means all of the sex that cares about chiffons. Quite one fourth of the crowd was masculine, and it was impossible to avoid wondering who all these serious fathers of families could be and what their daily business that they could come forth in such crowds on a casual day to a passing show?

It is, in very truth, a pretty and amusing sight, and well worth a visit from anybody to whom it is a novelty. The carriages draw into line near the palace, some of them taking up their stand fully two hours before the gates are opened. The pedestrian, strolling slowly along, sees through the glass of the carriages a series of more or less pretty faces, heads adorned with feathers and veils and often flashing with coronets, wraps of a more or less gorgeous description, trains in billowy masses foaming up almost out of the windows—and every here and there a gleaming neck and shoulders and the whole adornment of the bodice, when a gracious lady has chosen to allow her wraps to slip back from her shoulders. Then the flowers—they are always visible, and truly exquisite they are; great masses of every shade and every shape. Here will be the formal bouquet of some firm flower, camellias, roses, or carnations, perhaps, just lightened by sprays of maidenhair fern, floating delicately above the mass of blooms. Then there are the posies, flowers loosely put together, unwired, yet arranged with the art that conceals art to retain their settled shape perfectly; such flowers as daffodils, hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, and others which will not bear compression are put up in posies. Then there is the new kind of Court nosegay, lightly called a "handful of flowers," with trailing ends of clematis, wisteria, laburnum, climbing roses, or greenery alone, hanging down far below the hand. Were it only for the show of flowers, it would be worth while to walk through the park on Drawing-Room day.

But there is more than all yet mentioned. There is the coming down of the Crown jewels from the Tower, escorted by a bodyguard of Beef-eaters. There is the passing by of the company of gorgeous Guards, led by their band, all resplendent in gold and scarlet, and wonderfully managing their chargers and playing their instruments at the same time, as though they were gifted with more hands than their black-coated fellow-countrymen. Then there is the passage of the Princess, with her field-officer's escort and her little procession of carriages, and lastly herself, in the guise in which many thousands would delight to see her—grand coronet and necklace of brilliants adorning the charming figure that passes by only too rapidly, amid the cheers of the spectators. Altogether, there is plenty to go out "for to see," and, considering how little brightness and splendour there is in daily life to the great mass of the middle classes, and how few Court functions and public ceremonials are offered to them nowadays, it is

not surprising that so large a company of spectators should gather on Drawing-Room day in the park.

Decidedly the most original of the Court gowns this time was one with a transparent train: the material was pink gauze exquisitely embroidered in silver, and it was laid over a lining of apricot-yellow faille; the petticoat was apricot satin, embroidered with silver in a palm-leaf design, that reached nearly to the waist in the centre. Clusters of yellow feathers appeared at the left hip and shoulder, and the bouquet carried was of daffodils. A remarkable suite of Indian topaz ornaments went with this gown. Another strikingly beautiful one was of blue-and-yellow brocade, with shot-silk petticoat, trimmed along the train with fine black Chantilly, with which lace the front also was almost covered, clusters of pansies, ranging from purple-blue to golden-yellow, holding all in place.

Strikingly original was the effect produced in one dress of yellow satin by a deep fringe of purple wisteria all round the basque, and another at the foot of the petticoat; the train worn with this was violet velvet. Another charming costume was of pale blue and pink combined. The train was old-rose brocade, lined with pale-blue satin, and trimmed along with ruches of tulle of the two colours very artistically mingled. The petticoat and bodice were of the pale-blue satin, both the basque (reaching three-quarter length) and the hem cut out in deep points, which were bordered with feathers, and showed between them "motives" in silver embroidery done on the under-skirt.

Most of the brocades worn had patterns of large single flowers, or clusters separated from each other, scattered over the ground. This sort of design has almost superseded the long chain-like interwoven and striped patterns of previous years. Many of the designs are exact reproductions of last-century brocades, the period when that form of silk manufacture touched its highest point. The lace flounces much used at the foot of the skirts are generally slightly festooned, and caught here and there with knots of ribbon or feathers. In some handsome dresses a heading of passementerie appeared along the top of the lace. In one gown even a fringe was placed to head the lace in that situation.

Some most charming gowns, and quite "up to date," are worn in "Lady Bountiful," at the Garrick Theatre. They have all been made by Messrs. Russell and Allen. The dresses of the bridesmaids who attend the heroine to the altar, when she sees her former lover and rushes away from her aged bridegroom, are charming confections that any bride might wish to copy for her own behoof. They are of pink bengaline, the skirts plain except for an insertion of mousseline de chiffon and falls of pink ribbon at one side. The bodices are banded at the waist, and gathered above into a puffed yoke of pink mousseline. A handsome walking-dress is worn by Miss Addison as the heroine's aunt: it is of green smooth-faced cloth trimmed with dark-brown fur. The back falls in one large box pleat, and the fur runs quite round the edge of the skirt next to the ground, headed by a line of jet passementerie about four inches wide.

The dress worn by the aunt at the wedding is also handsome, being made of a superb grey brocade, with long train, the bottom of the skirt in front cut into tabs and edged with steel passementerie. The bodice has revers of velvet trimmed with steel, and a loose vest of silk confined at the waist by two narrow bands of velvet fastening on small steel buttons.

Miss Kate Rorke's gowns are beautiful, as her dress always

is, but simple. One is a blue-grey cloth, with bodice of velvet, the sleeves and loose gathered front being of the cloth; a large pocket on the basque is edged with silver passementerie, which continues thence up the seams of the back to the shoulder, and the inside seams of the sleeves are similarly trimmed. The other dress is of a brighter blue cloth, the basque cut in tabs, the skirt edged with gold braid; this is worn with a grey feather boa.

A few days ago Mr. Stephen Pullin, who has occupied Mildridge Farm, Horton, for upwards of sixty years, and who is about to leave for a new residence in Middlesex, was presented with a handsome testimonial by the followers of her Majesty's Buckhounds and Mr. W. H. Grenfell's Harriers, at a combined meet of the followers of the two packs at the Royal Hotel, Slough. The presentation was made by Lord Coventry, and the testimonial consisted of a beautifully illuminated



TESTIMONIAL TO MR. STEPHEN PULLIN.

address on vellum with the names of the subscribers, a marble timepiece (supplied by the firm of Sir John Bennett, Cheapside), a pair of bronze horses, and a purse of 140 sovereigns. "We are aware," said Lord Coventry, "that hunting could not continue without the goodwill of the farmers, and we are happy to think that that goodwill exists throughout the country, and we are grateful to Mr. Pullin for the support he has always given to the great national sport of hunting."

Newfoundland will be very glad of the loan of two millions sterling to which Mr. Goschen has said the Imperial Government will attach its guarantee. In the speech from the Throne, the other day, Sir Terence O'Brien, the Governor, foreshadowed the completion of the Hall's Bay Railway and the construction of another line from Hall's Bay across the interior, opening up fertile agricultural land in the centre of the island. This new loan will enable these important works to be speedily carried out, and thus afford the inhabitants of the colony some other means of livelihood than the precarious fishery. Now the Newfoundlander puts all his eggs, so to speak, in the same basket, and suffers accordingly.

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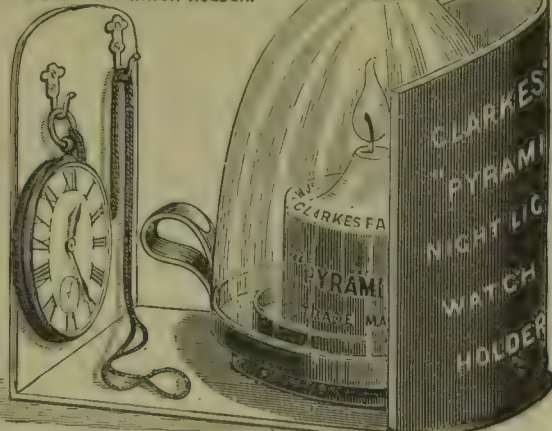
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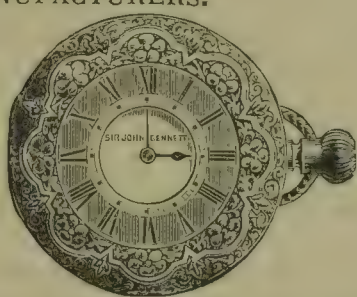
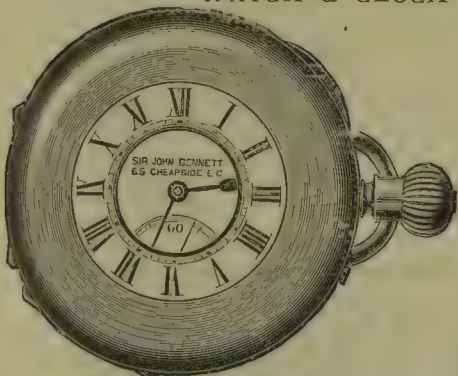


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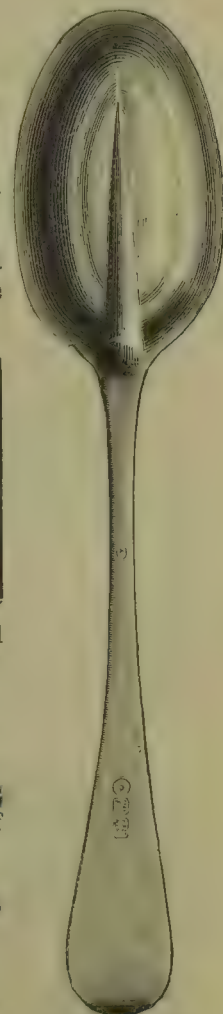
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

In the old schoolboy days there existed—and, for aught I know to the contrary, there may exist now—a popular phrase that expressed unfeigned astonishment at almost boundless audacity. We were wont to say to our juniors, "Well, it is just like your cheek to do so and so." But in all my experience of the stage, its customs, its changes, and its directors of public taste, I have seldom known a "cheekier" move than the opening of the Royalty Theatre, already licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to a recognised actress and directress, with a play that has not passed the censorship, and that play none other than the revolting "Ghosts" of the Scandinavian Ibsen. But the "cheek" does not end there, by any means. It goes on to imply that our poor, neglected, and degraded stage, having no literature of its own, and fettered with the shackles of what the revolutionists call "conventionality," is to be taught what literature is with the aid of a dull, verbose preacher, and is to learn what freedom is by means of a play that may be obnoxious to many men, and that cannot possibly be discussed in all its morbid details in any mixed assembly of men and women. Nay, even there the audacity does not stop, for the invited guests to the new Free or Independent Theatre are not permitted to depart home after as wearisome an evening as could well be passed within the walls of a playhouse without being mildly lectured by the founder of the fun, and told that this kind of hospital staff is art, and that, having no literature of our own, or freedom, or artistic sense, the sooner we fall down and worship at the feet of Ibsen and subscribe to the Independent Theatre the better for ourselves and the future of our poor, convention-bound, commonplace, and unliterary drama.

Whether the Royalty Theatre, licensed by the Lord Chamberlain under given and distinct rules and governed by a definite Act of Parliament, should be used for the purposes to which it is now put is not the affair of anyone but the Lord Chamberlain and his advisers. We have nothing to do with that. It seems even to the uncritical mind to be a little inconsistent and misleading to be told by a legal enactment that when actors play for hire they must be bound by certain rules and regulations, to be informed exactly what playing for hire means, and the penalty to be incurred by any infringement of the law, and then to hear that subscribing for certain seats in a playhouse to see a play is not within the meaning of the Act. By this argument the Opera in the season, and any

theatre that started a subscription list after the plan of the Théâtre Français in Paris, would be free altogether from the censorship. However, there is the law, that anyone, layman or expert, can read for themselves, and here is a precedent, of which advantage will no doubt be taken, to dispense with the control of the censorship altogether. I am not discussing whether the censorship is right or wrong, or whether it benefits or impedes Art. Some think one way, some another. Anyhow, Ibsen's "Ghosts" has been played in public, and many people have subscribed to see it. That is admitted by the founders of the Independent Theatre, and it is cordially regretted by all who have the true welfare of the stage at heart.

We next come to the point whether this particular play, "Ghosts," is so valuable to the wellbeing of the community that its obviously repulsive subject should be excused under the plea that it contains both literature and art. For my own part, I fail to see the literary excellence of "Ghosts," or its artistic value. The term "convention" has become the cant word of a clique. Already we have been asked to admire a stage-scene acted in pitch-darkness because it is so unconventional: soon we shall be told it is conventional, and therefore to be reprobated, when people talk at all on the stage. Some of these excellent people, in their desire to be original and revolutionary, are really reducing the thing to an absurdity. They would have us believe that this English stage of ours is the fossil and mummy it was thirty years ago. They would attempt to persuade the younger generation that it is the new prophet Ibsen, and none other than Ibsen, who has discovered that the stage is hampered by conditions inseparable from the freedom and healthy tone of art, and that it is reserved for the Independent Theatre to take credit for a quarter of a century. Convention, indeed! Has there not been a crusade against convention, in its crude, barbarous, and unlightened form, ever since the stage was found sleepy and inert in the interval between the death of Charles Kean and the uprising of Henry Irving? I should like Mr. Grein and some of these young gentlemen who talk so airily about convention to have known what our stage was like in the early sixties. Was not Robertson, in his light and delicate way, an opponent of stupid and obstinate convention? Were not the Bancrofts the prime movers of the unconventional school of pleasant comedy? Has not Henry Irving been the most unconventional manager and actor in the century? Have not Hare and a younger generation still carried on the good work of their predecessors to make the stage as unconventional and as natural as the conditions of dramatic effect will allow it to be?

Are not Gilbert, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, as unconventional and as free in their method as any dramatists in the memory of living man? And now, having attained this important point, after years of struggle and labour, we are to be airily told that Ibsen and the founders of the Independent Theatre are the chosen apostles to free the neglected stage from the fetters and manacles of conventionality! A more stupendous proposition was never offered by misguided men or believed in by masculine women.

These shallow reformers want to kill the goose with the golden eggs. Having gained a drama that is as distinguished in literary excellence as that of any country in the world, our authors are to go, hat in hand, to be taught what literature and what art are by the founders of the Independent Theatre. And "Ghosts" is the first brilliant example!—a play that if presented to the general public would, if not hissed off the stage the first night, close the doors of any London theatre in a fortnight—not, mark you, on moral grounds, but on artistic grounds. If people like the discussion of such nasty subjects on the stage, if they care to make the theatre a closed borough and not a free place of assembly, if it is desirable to drive decent-minded women out of the playhouse, and to use the auditorium as a hospital-ward or a dissecting-room, let it be so. Whatever the people desire they will have, and no talking in the world will prevent it. But in our hurry to dramatise the Contagious Diseases Act let us first set about writing a good play. Who in their senses can say that "Ghosts" is a good play, or is interesting apart from the originality of its subject-matter? If, by the examples we have seen, Ibsen is a dramatist, then the art of the dramatist is dead indeed, and we must all learn our dramatic alphabet and grammar according to a new rule altogether. It is impossible that a dramatist, however earnest or sincere, can carry conviction with him if he only looks at one side of human nature—and that the worst. Shakespeare had a pretty good insight into human nature, and he drew some terrible, often horrible, pictures of humanity. But Shakespeare was too much of an artist, too much of an observer, too full of the milk of human kindness, not to look on the other side of the picture also. A man who says that all human nature is bad says what is untrue. It may be considered smart and original to say so, but it will not command the approbation of the majority, and the majority are not always wrong, as Dr. Stockmann insists, in a play that is supposed to present Ibsen as a stage character, and also as what he really is, "an enemy of Society."

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HAIR RENEWER
Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended, as usual. The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside, on Saturday, March 28, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, March 30 and 31, and April 1.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on March 28 and 29 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP
EXCURSION, THURSDAY, MARCH 28.—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m. and 9 p.m., and Victoria 9 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.20 a.m. and 8.5 p.m.
Returning from Paris 8.50 p.m. on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 8. Prices, First Class, 2s. 3d.; Second Class, 2s. 3d.; Third Class, 1s. 6d. only, 2nd and 3rd Class.

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND
EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.
SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS SATURDAY, March 28, from Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.45 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Balham; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon, to Brighton, Central Station, and West Brighton.
Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 8.55 p.m. Train from West Brighton, or 5.30 p.m. Train Brighton Central Station. Fare, 1s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF
WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., from London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.
GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings.
EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.
GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.
*The Company's West-End General Booking Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square.
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road.
Gaze's Tourist Office, 112, Strand.
Jenkins' Office, "Red Cap," Camden Road, 66, Leadenhall Street, and 27, High Street, Notting Hill Gate.
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

*These two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on March 25, 26, and 27.
For full particulars of times, fares, &c., see Handbills and Programme, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.
(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS

FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRIN-
DI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, via
BOMBAY. Every week.
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS,
and JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA, ALEXANDRIA, alternate week, and NAPLES.
DIRECT SERVICES from BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST.
Cheap Return Tickets.
For Particulars apply at the Company's Office, 122, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

PLEASURE CRUISE

TO SICILY, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.
The Orient Company will dispatch their large full-powered steam-ship CHIMBORAZO, 2,847 tons register, 3,000-horse power, from London on APRIL 1, for a SIX-WEEKS CRUISE, visiting Tangier, Palermo, Syracuse, Nauplia, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Smyrna (for Ephesus), Santorin, Malta, &c.
The Chimborazo is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.
The GIRONNE, 3,676 tons register, 3,000-horse power, will leave London on April 22 for a MONTH'S CRUISE, to South of Spain, Sicily, Algeria, &c. Managers, H. ARNOLD and CO., ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.
For further particulars of above and later cruises apply to the latter firm, or to West-End Agents, GRINDLAY and CO., 35, Parliament-street, S.W.

AIX-LES-BAINS, SAVOY.—Rheumatism cured. Most important of Continental Sulphurous Spas. Eton Hot Springs, Paris. Rheumatism, sciatic, gout, and catarrh of the urinary, larynx, and nasal passages efficiently treated. The most celebrated doctors attend this luxurious and curative station.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500 rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

M O N T E C A R L O .

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths, and there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.
Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the incomparable scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it today the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

Daily yield, 507,600 galls. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Bath daily in the Pump-room. Address Manager for every information.

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An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to
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NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
Really good Foreign Cigars at
10s., 20s., 22s., per 100 (and upwards) Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE
CHARTREUSE.
This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding digestion and preventing dys

Theatre the other evening most politely asked Mr. Lumley to take his last dramatic essay, called "The Volcano," back to his desk again, and to look over it. There was no need to score it with the blue pencil, and so frighten the young author. But it wants reconsideration. The primary idea is novel and excellent. A pushing peer, who has tried everything by turns and nothing long, becomes the proprietor of a society journal, and he succeeds in offending all his friends, accidentally libelling his wife, and being in danger of having to apologise in his own journal for his own misdeeds. We can imagine how funny Mr. Arthur Cecil would be as the undecided and perplexed peer, but, more than all, everyone can guess how delightful Mrs. John Wood could be as a lady reporter and interviewer, who, in the exercise of her duties, becomes an inmate of the Duke's family circle. As matters stand, this is about as far as they have got at present. Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. Brandon Thomas have their work cut out for them to be amusing in characters that do not lend themselves to very much fun, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq is admirable as a painted dowager troubled with nerves. But the farce will be more appetising when it has had a little piquant sauce over it, and when it is sent down to the cook to be done "just another turn." It is a trifle raw just at present. Still, I don't see why it should not be worked up into a success—a hackneyed phrase, but a remedy not always impossible.

The mail-steamer Colombo, which arrived at Marseilles on March 7 from Indo-China, has been placed under observation at Hyères, owing to a case of cholera having occurred shortly after she left Haiphong.

Chicago is a colossal city, and it has a colossal record. In view of the approaching World's Fair, some enterprising citizens are turning up its history, and they tell us that sixty years ago—that is, just before Queen Victoria came to the throne—its population consisted of three families; now it is the seventh city in the world, with a population of one million and a quarter. The three log cabins in an unhealthy swamp which then marked its site have now multiplied into a commercial centre with over two thousand miles of street frontage, a river frontage of nearly fifty miles and a lake frontage of nearly twenty miles, and with a municipal area of 170 square miles.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1878), with six codicils (dated March 18, and July 15, 1879; July 12, 1880; July 15, 1881; July 23, 1887; and Jan. 22, 1890), of Miss Elizabeth Rawson, late of Nidd Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 29, was proved on March 12 by the Right Hon. Henry Edmund Viscount Mountgarrett, and the Hon. Henry Edmund Butler, the great-nephew, the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn at £567,857 2s. 3d. The testatrix appoints out of the residuary estate of her late father, Mr. Benjamin Rawson, £2000 to Mrs. Eliza Rawson Velthusen; £1000 each to Mrs. Frances Grimbley, Mr. John Cheyne, Mrs. Lucy D'Arcy Wentworth, and Mr. William Rawson Bowman; one moiety of the residue to her great-nephew the Hon. Henry Edmund Butler, and the other moiety in certain shares among the issue of her late sister, Mrs. Ann-Trafford. She devises the Kirby Hill estate, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the estates at Norton-le-Clay and the Manors of Saintenly, and her estates at Bilton-cum-Harrogate, Brearton and Scotton Ripon, Knaresborough, and Nidd to the said Henry Edmund Butler, for life, with remainder to his sons successively in tail male; and she confirms the gift of the Eagle Hall estate, which she in her lifetime made to the said Henry Edmund Butler in fee. Her Herefordshire estates, situate at Ewyas Lacy, Crasswall, Michael Church, Esceley Court, and elsewhere, and the advowson of St. Margaret's and Michael Church, Esceley, she devises to her great-nephew Henry Randolph Trafford, for life, with remainder to his sons, successively in tail male, subject to a provision that Mrs. Caroline Trafford (the widow of her nephew Charles Guy Trafford) is to receive £500 per annum out of the rents, and to have the use of the house, gardens, and twenty acres of land at Esceley Court, for life. Her property known as Cagebrook, Herefordshire, she settles on her great-niece Clare Ellen Hopton, her husband and children. The manor of Yafforth, and all her farms, lands, and hereditaments in or adjoining the parish of Yafforth, Yorkshire, she devises to her nephew Benjamin William Rawson Trafford, for life, with remainder, upon trust, for the benefit of her (testatrix's) great-nephew Henry Trafford, for life, with remainders to his sons and daughters, successively, in tail general. All her estates in the county of Lancaster she devises to her great-nephew Lionel James Trafford, for life, with remainders

to his sons and daughters successively in tail general, subject to a provision that the testatrix's great-nephew Edward Guy Trafford is to receive an annuity of £1400 out of the rents, and that a sum of £15,000 is to be raised thereout for the benefit of the said Edward Guy Trafford and his children. The testatrix bequeaths £16,000, upon trust, for her great-niece the Hon. Frances Sarah Butler; £60,000 to go with her Herefordshire estates; £30,000 to go with her Yafforth estate; £30,000, upon trust, for her niece Elizabeth Trafford (since deceased), for life, and then as to two thirds to be added to the fund given, upon trust, for the benefit of Guy Rawson Trafford, and as to one third, upon trust, for her great-niece Caroline Ann Trafford; £60,000, upon trust, for her said great-nephew Henry Trafford and his children; £5000, upon trust, for her great-nephew Guy Rawson Trafford and his children; £6000 to her said great-nephew Lionel James Trafford, absolutely; and an annuity of £100 to Laura Trafford, the widow of her deceased nephew Henry Trafford Trafford. The whole of the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said great-nephew Henry Edmund Butler, absolutely.

The will (dated May 12, 1879), with a codicil (dated Dec. 20, 1890), of Mr. Kelsick Alexander, formerly of 5, Mount Vernon Green, Edge Hill, Liverpool, and late of 51, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on March 2 by William Lancaster Alexander, the brother, John Wilson, and Charles MacArthur, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator bequeaths his oil paintings, engravings, and other pictures, books, newspapers, and directories relating to Liverpool, maps, coins, and curiosities to his eldest son on attaining twenty-three; the remainder of his furniture and effects, and £200, to his wife, Mrs. Deborah Alexander; £50 each to the Church Missionary Society and to Dr. Thomas James Barnardo, as a charitable legacy towards his orphan homes; £25 to the Liverpool Female Orphan Asylum; and legacies to nephews, niece, cousin, and his executor Mr. MacArthur. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one third to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, for his children.

The will (dated Dec. 25, 1889) of Mr. Edward Burges, late of The Ridge, Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, and of Bristol, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on March 5 by

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Is the most perfect of Toilet Soaps,
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8d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. per Cake.

Mothers Do You Realize How Your Little Ones Suffer

When their tender SKINS are literally ON FIRE with ITCHING AND BURNING ECZEMAS and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases?



To know that a single application of the **Cuticura Remedies** will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant and complete relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be guilty of positive inhumanity. No greater legacy can be bestowed upon a child than a *skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood.* **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humour remedies, are absolutely pure, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unailing success.

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to mothers, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

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Facial Blemishes, pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, and simple humours and skin blemishes of infancy and childhood are prevented by that most effective of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap.** incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most facial blemishes.* Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world. Price, 1s.



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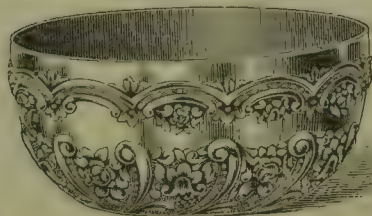
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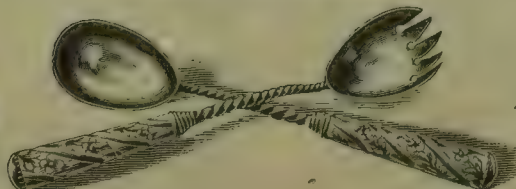
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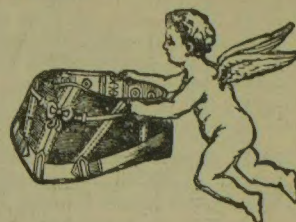
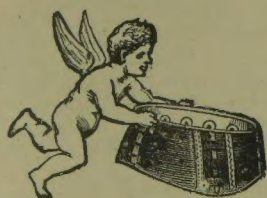


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Plinth, 9 1/2 in. diameter, price £22 10s.
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Sizes: 2 pints, £18 2s.; 3 pints, £22 18s.

ALL RHEUMATIC, NERVOUS, AND ORGANIC DISORDERS,
Including Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Exhaustion, Impaired Vitality, Brain Fag, Sleeplessness, Ladies' Ailments, Hysteria, Indigestion, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Troubles, &c., yield like magic to the marvellous healing properties of



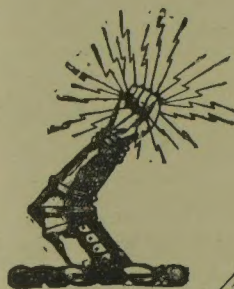
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A BLESSING TO WOMEN.

Without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, at the Company's ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W., and personally inspect the originals. They will at the same time be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.



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NERVOUS WEAKNESS CURED.
Geo. W. L. King, Esq., 50 St. George's Road, writes, Jan. 1891: "I am very pleased with the Electropathic Belt, and have been wearing it for some time. It has cured my nervous weakness, and I feel much stronger and more energetic than I have been for some time. I have also been able to sleep much better, and I feel much more comfortable in general. I am very much obliged to you for the Belt, and I hope it will be of great service to many other sufferers from nervous weakness." "I have been wearing the Belt for some time, and I feel much stronger and more energetic than I have been for some time. I have also been able to sleep much better, and I feel much more comfortable in general. I am very much obliged to you for the Belt, and I hope it will be of great service to many other sufferers from nervous weakness."

DR. ANDREW WILSON'S OPINION.

"The Medical Battery Co.'s Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satisfactory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises (52, Oxford-street, London, W.)"



ELECTRO-DENTAL DEPARTMENT NOW OPEN FOR EVERY FORM OF PAINLESS DENTISTRY AND BEST ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

IMPAIRED VITALITY RESTORED.

Mr. J. BOTTING, 2, Garden Mews, Linden Gardens, W., writes, Jan. 23, 1891: "Your Electropathic Belt has made a man of me again."

READ THE FOLLOWING RECENT CONVINCEING TESTIMONIALS, WHICH ARE SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS.

A SURGEON-GENERAL'S OPINION.

Surgeon-General Wm. E. TUSON, M.D., F.R.C.S., writing from 11, Ventnor Villas, West Brighton, Feb. 23, 1891, says: "I have worn your Electropathic Belt for more than a year, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its efficacy in my case. Before wearing it I suffered from Lassitude and Torpid Liver with concomitant Nervous Exhaustion. These symptoms subsided after wearing the Belt, and I have experienced far better health under its use. I would not go without it on any account. I am of opinion that it would have a most beneficial effect on residents in tropical climates, particularly those who are liable to a sedentary life, and as Belts are considered a great protection in India, and highly recommended, yours made of a lighter material would, I feel sure, be an important desideratum for most Anglo-Indians, and residents in tropical climates. You may make use of my testimonial."

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Mr. THOMAS DAY, 47, Myddelton Street, Clerkenwell, E.C., writes, Jan. 10, 1891: "For ten years my wife had been a great sufferer from Sciatica and Kidney diseases, but since wearing one of your Electropathic Belts she feels much better in health, and has strongly recommended them."

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"Dear Sir,—In October last I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts for Enlarged Liver, and, since wearing it, I have felt better and do not suffer from Cramp so much as formerly, nor from that tired, languid feeling to which I used to be subject too frequently. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish.—Yours truly, HENRY WOODCOCK."

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WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS TO

J. HARRINGTON & CO., LONDON.

William Edward Parry Burges, the son, and Mrs. Ellen Burges, the widow, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. There are special gifts of various properties and pecuniary legacies to his said son and to his daughters, Mrs. Salwey, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Lloyd, and Miss Dorathea Jessie Burges, subject to one half of the income being paid to his wife, for life; and minor legacies to his wife, children, relatives, clerks, servants, and others. The residue of his property the testator leaves to his said children equally, but one half of the net income is to be paid to his wife, for life.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1890) of Mr. James Rae, late of 32, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on March 10 by James Jackson, the nephew, William Maples, and James Duncan Thomson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors; and £500, three stalls in the Royal Albert Hall, his leasehold residence at 32, Phillimore Gardens, and all his jewellery, wines, consumable stores, books, plate, pictures, works of art, horses, carriages, and household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Jane Rae. As to the residue of his property he gives one moiety to his daughter Mrs. Jane Pearson, and the other moiety to his daughter Mary Rae.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 20, 1890), of Miss Harriet Clementina Eleanor de Bruyn, late of 31, Hyde Park Square, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on

March 10 by Edmund Salwey Ford, John Scarlett Campbell, Frederick Carne Rasch, M.P., and Mrs. Eleanor Bishop, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths to the trustees of the National Gallery a picture by her grandfather, Theodore de Bruyn—subject, "Silenus and Satyr"—on condition that it is never placed in a gilt frame, but treated as a sculpture, which it represents; her residence, with the stables, to her friend, Mrs. Eleanor Bishop, for life, but should her (testatrix's) nephew, Henry Alexander Magnay, die in the lifetime of Mrs. Bishop, then to her absolutely; all her jewellery, plate, furniture, effects, horses, and carriages, to Mrs. Bishop; and legacies to executors, relatives, maid and butler, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her nephew, Henry Alexander Magnay, for life, and then for his children, as he shall appoint.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the will (dated July 27, 1886) of Captain the Hon. Walter Arbuthnot, D.L., who resided at Hatton, Marykirk, Kincardineshire, and died at Melrose on Jan. 5, granted to Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur John Rait, C.B., the son-in-law, and sole executor nominate, was resealed in London on March 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £20,000.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1889) of Mrs. Cecilia Elizabeth Goodlake, late of Southsea, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Feb. 27 by Captain Henry Fortescue, the nephew, and

Robert Dixon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. There are several legacies to members of her family, and the residue of her real and personal estate the testatrix leaves, upon trust, to pay the income, to her nephew Henry Fortescue during the lifetime of his father, and then for her nephews Francis Alexander Fortescue and Hugh Charles Fortescue.

The will (dated July 25, 1874) of Dame Elizabeth Julia Elphinstone, wife of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart., late of 4, The Lawn, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on Feb. 26 by Howard Warburton Elphinstone, the son, and Charles Graham, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The only legatees under the will are testatrix's said son and her daughter, Mrs. Julia Patton.

The will of the Hon. Lady Theodosia Alice Taylor, widow of Sir Henry Taylor, K.C.M.G., late of The Roost, Bourne-mouth, who died on Jan. 1, at West Norwood, was proved on Feb. 11 by Henry Ashworth Taylor, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3420.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1890) of Sir Peter Tait, Kt., D.L., Mayor of Limerick 1866-7-8, late of 30, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, who died at Batoum, Russia, was proved on March 5, under a nominal sum, by Dame Rose Tait, the widow and sole executrix. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects, both real and personal, to his wife, for her own use and benefit absolutely.

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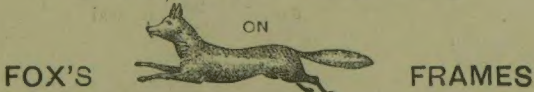
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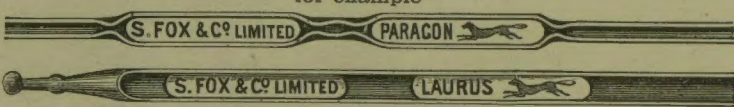
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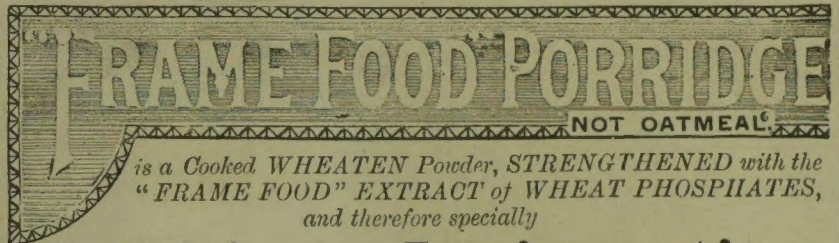


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